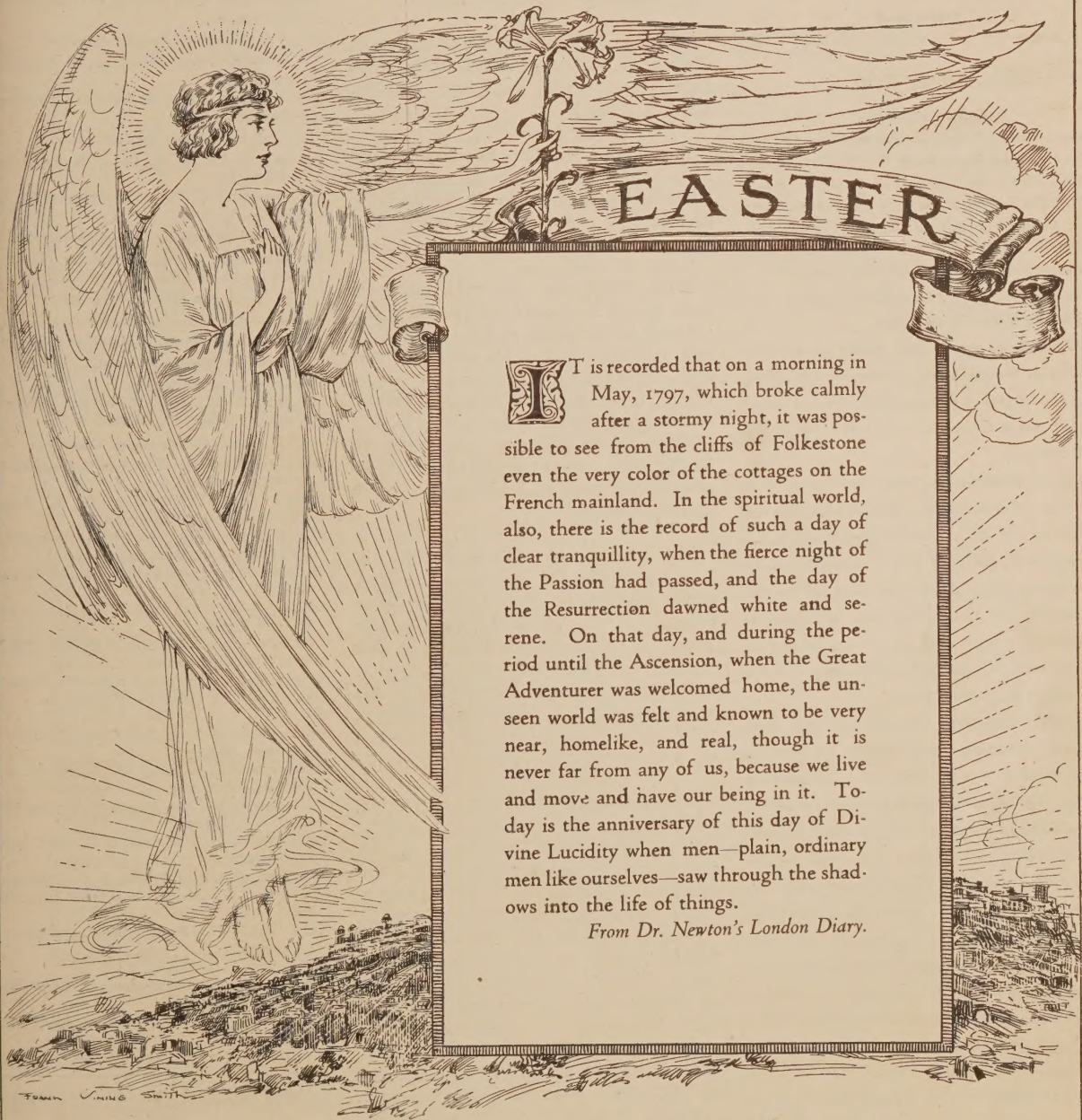
The Universalist Leader



IT is recorded that on a morning in May, 1797, which broke calmly after a stormy night, it was possible to see from the cliffs of Folkestone even the very color of the cottages on the French mainland. In the spiritual world, also, there is the record of such a day of clear tranquillity, when the fierce night of the Passion had passed, and the day of the Resurrection dawned white and serene. On that day, and during the period until the Ascension, when the Great Adventurer was welcomed home, the unseen world was felt and known to be very near, homelike, and real, though it is never far from any of us, because we live and move and have our being in it. To-day is the anniversary of this day of Divine Lucidity when men—plain, ordinary men like ourselves—saw through the shadows into the life of things.

From Dr. Newton's London Diary.

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

Editor in Chief

Frederick A. Bisbee, D. D.

Associate Editor

John van Schaick, Jr.

Office Staff

F. I. Adams
D. Hall.
L. W. MacDonald.

Contributing Staff

Eleanor Bisbee, Kenyon L. Butterfield, A. Gertrude Earle, Daniel Evans, Roger S. Galer, Frank Oliver Hall, Edwin Markham, Fred A. Moore, Harold H. Niles, John E. Price, Willard C. Selleck, Edwin C. Sweetser, Joseph M. Tilden, Lyman Ward, Stephen S. Wise, Frank D. Adams, Kirby Page, George F. Milton, Jr., Joseph Fort Newton.

THE UNIVERSALIST LEADER is published every Saturday at Two Dollars a year.

ENTERED as second class matter at the post office at Boston, Mass. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 8, 1918.

POSTAGE prepaid in the United States and Canada. Receipt of subscription is indicated by change of date on the address label. Unless notice to discontinue is received it will be assumed that the subscriber wishes his name to remain on the list.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—When a change of address is ordered, both the old and the new address must be given, and such notice sent to 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

COMMUNICATIONS intended for the paper should be addressed to the Editor, 176 Newbury St., Boston. If sent voluntarily, it is understood that no payment therefor is expected; payment is made only in case of previous and special contract.

ADVERTISING—*The Leader* will always be glad to receive advertising that will inform its readers where they can obtain reliable goods from reputable houses. It will invite advertising from those who may be able to supply real needs of its readers, but from no others. We feel sure our constituents will support this policy, which is adopted in their interest, even though it may conflict with our own. —*From an Editorial in the Leader.*

ADVERTISING RATES: Twenty cents per agate line; $2.40 per inch for a single insertion. Contract rates on application.

Universalist Publishing House

HAROLD MARSHALL, MANAGER
176 NEWBURY STREET, BOSTON
DORCHESTER AVE. AND 60th ST., CHICAGO

Μιγμα

The difference between two men who were classmates in college was described by a friend of both who said that while A was getting an education, B was learning something. (*Christian Register.*)

υ λ

Another thing that tangles human destiny is that free speech may work restraint on more important liberties. (*Boston Herald.*)

υ λ

Poor Ireland! The heart of every lover of the Irish people sinks lower and lower as he watches the noblest and the best of that unhappy people engaged in the sordid business of civil war. (*Unity.*)

υ λ

Every living man to-day, if he would serve his kind, should abandon this sterile unbelief in humanity and in civilization, and cultivate, first in his own soul, and then in the souls of his fellow men, a fructifying, life-giving faith in human nature, and in its power to create on this earth a civilization whose every deed shall be justice, whose every thought shall be love, whose every word shall be peace. (*Frank Carleton Doan.*)

υ λ

The morning paper is a chamber of horrors, telling of sordidness, cruelty, crime, and unbelievable inhumanity—but that is not the whole story. The war gorged us on horrors which only the slow ministry of years will heal. But, after all, there is a wealth of gentleness in this wicked world, a multitudinous mercy, a vast deposit of goodness, which the papers do not record. (*Christian Century.*)

υ λ

It hardly seems credible that America, with its great Christian churches and its missionary enterprises, its homes, schools and courts, permitted, between 1885 and 1922, 4,154 persons—the large majority of them negroes—to be lynched by mobs. Of the total number lynched during this period, 1,034 were white and 3,120 were negro victims. Doubtless many more of whom no record was made were similarly murdered. In 1919 there were eighty-three persons lynched; in 1920 there were sixty-one; in 1921, sixty-four, and in 1922 there were at least fifty-seven lynched. Some of those lynched by mobs were charged with crime; many of them were charged with misdemeanors only; some only with words or acts which are nowhere at any time punishable by law. All were slain without trial where they might have faced their accusers, had witnesses and had the evidence considered by a lawful judge or jury. The frenzied mob was judge, jury, and executioner. (*Federal Council Bulletin.*)

DENOMINATIONAL DIRECTORY

The General Convention

President—Mr. R. S. Galer, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.
Chairman of Executive Committee—Rev. Lee S. McCollester, D. D., Tufts College, Mass.
Secretary—Rev. Roger F. Etz, 176 Newbury St., Boston.
Treasurer—Mr. J. B. Horton, 6 Park Square, Boston.
Chairman of Murray Lectureship and of Denominational Literature—Rev. Frank O. Hall, D. D., 6 Mystic Valley Parkway, Winchester, Mass.

Women's National Missionary Association

President—Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, 411 Glen Echo Circle, Columbus, O.

Board of Foreign Missions

Chairman—Rev. Fred C. Leining, 38 Adelaide Ave., Providence, R. I.
Secretary—Rev. Roger F. Etz., 176 Newbury St., Boston.

Universalist Comrades

President—Ralph W. E. Hunt, 25 Forest Avenue, Portland, Me.
Secretary—Fred C. Carr, 559 Cranston St., Providence, R. I.

General Sunday School Association

President—Rev. George E. Huntley, D. D., 176 Newbury St., Boston.

Japan Mission Council

Chairman—Rev. Samuel Gilbert Ayres, D. D., Shichome, Iidamachi, Kojimachi, Tokyo, Japan.

Young People's Christian Union

President—Ernest C. Jones.
Director of Young People's Work—*Rev.* Stanley Manning, 176 Newbury St., Boston.

Superintendents of Churches

General Superintendent—Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D., 176 Newbury St., Boston.
Western Superintendent—Rev. L. R. Robinson, 6010 Dorchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Southern Superintendent—Rev. Francis Britton Bishop, 1118 S. Court St., Montgomery, Ala.
Southwest Superintendent—Rev. James Houghton, Junction City, Kan.
California—Rev. C. E. Nash, D. D., 1363 S. Alvarado St., Los Angeles.
Connecticut—Rev. Theodore A. Fischer, 409 Edgewood Ave., New Haven.
Georgia—Rev. A. G. Strain, 332 Simpson St., Atlanta.
Iowa—Rev. O. G. Colegrove, Mitchellville.
Kentucky—
Maine—Rev. Milo G. Folsom, 43 Lincoln Ave., Gardiner. (Acting.)
Massachusetts—Rev. Leroy W. Coons, D. D., 176 Newbury St., Boston.
New Hampshire—Rev. George F. Fortier, Morrisville, Vt. (Acting.)
New Jersey—Rev. H. R. Rose, D. D., 815 S. Eleventh St., Newark.
New York—Rev. G. D. Walker, D. D., Carthage.
Ohio—Rev. I. V. Lobdell, 256 Orchard Lane, Columbus.
Rhode Island—Rev. R. R. Hadley, 145 Chester Ave., Providence.
Texas—Rev. R. L. Brooks, Elgin.
Vermont and Quebec—Rev. George F. Fortier, Morrisville, Vt.
Maritime Provinces—Rev. Oluf Tandberg, Halifax, N. S.

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

Is a missionary agency of the Universalist Church.

All its resources are at the service of our Church and its faith.

Its opportunities for service are far greater than its resources.

It needs additional funds for missionary publications.

It needs endowed subscriptions for college and public libraries.

It will receive annuity funds paying interest to the donor for life

THE Universalist Leader

Two Dollars a Year 105th Year { New Series } Vol. XXVI No. 13

IS THERE ANY NEW EASTER MESSAGE?

EASTER is ours again. To many devout souls the mere historic fact is sufficient. They would as soon think of questioning the law of gravitation as the physical resurrection of Jesus. Without reservation and with thankful conviction they will say on Easter morning, "I believe in the resurrection of the body."

But there is an ever increasing multitude for whom this is no longer possible. Their growing knowledge of life and its processes has driven them out of this Eden of naive literalism and the angel of truth with flaming sword forever bars their return. It is not so much that they have come to doubt the resurrection of Jesus as that they find even the most complete belief in it no longer sufficient for their spiritual needs. For them the experience of any individual soul nineteen hundred years ago is as hopelessly inadequate to bridge the gulf between the here and the hereafter as the spanning tree trunk of the savage would be to carry a modern express train.

Orthodox churchmen need have no more concern for all these than the priests of the temple showed for the repentant Judas. If there be those who follow any new prophet beyond the pale of the ancient law, such wanderers are self-doomed for time and eternity alike. But for all who are trying to live in the spirit of Jesus, and most of all for Universalists, no such selfish unconcern is possible. Easter ought to bring us, beyond its glory and joy for our own souls, to an insistent self-questioning for the sake of others. Have we found, in the desert ways of a Science unconscious of God, and in wildernesses of a Knowledge that knows no spirit, any new Easter message for our fellow-wanderers?

The answer is a prophetic but triumphant Yes. Discerned rather than seen, discovered but not yet explored, almost for the first time in human history, and surely with more confidence than was ever before justified, we may affirm the impregnability of the spiritual life. For we have come not merely to new theories of the universe in which we live and move and have our being, but to new knowledge of it that in the next generation will compel a reversal of most of the thinking of the one now passing.

Twenty years ago Science was telling us, in terms that ran from the pessimism of Herbert Spencer through the tragically honest unbelief of Huxley to the blatant dogmatism of Haeckel, that matter is the ultimate reality, and "force," not to say "spirit," only one of its properties or manifestations. It was indeed a stout-hearted Christian who could possess knowledge and keep faith at the same time.

To-day, with honesty too deep for any mere protestations of repentance, Science is telling us that it was itself wholly wrong, and that matter is itself a manifestation of "force" or "spirit." The physicist or chemist who repeats this year his classroom lectures of a decade ago ought to be debarred from further teaching. The physician who treats the human organism merely as "matter" ought to be convicted of mal-practise. Every time you listen to the radio you are receiving a demonstration that beyond the material molecule and atom that marked the utmost boundaries of our knowledge of yesterday we have found the universe of the electron that the physicists and chemists call force, but that we have equal right to call spirit. And as the science of yesterday affirmed the indestructibility of matter, the science of to-morrow will affirm, perhaps prove, that "force" changes form and relation *but does not cease*. The new Easter message of Science, then, is not simply an affirmative answer to the Job question, "If a man die shall he live again?" but a growing demonstration of its own greatest discovery, that because we live we shall never die.

Here is proof that Jesus lived beyond Calvary, not because he rose from the dead, but because he did not and could not die. Here is our triumphant Easter message, that, because he was human like us and we are divine like him, we too shall never die.

EASTER COLLECT: "THE OPEN GATE OF EVERLASTING LIFE"

"Almighty God, who, through Thine only begotten Son Jesus Christ, hast overcome death and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life, we humbly beseech Thee that, as by Thy special grace preventing us Thou dost put into our minds good desires, so by Thy continual help we may bring the same to good effect, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. Amen."

THERE are two great days in the Christian year; Christmas and Easter. The one celebrates the birthday of our Master upon the earth and the beginning of his life with men; the other celebrates his birthday into the eternal world and his entrance upon his spiritual life in the realm of light and love. The one day reveals the love of God for His children on the earth; the other day His preservation of their souls in the eternal world. The one day is the promise of victory over sin; the other is the pledge of victory over death. The two days show us the profound faith and the mighty hope and the immortal love of our religion. No wonder our religion makes such a strong appeal to us, and grips us with such a mighty hold, in view of its promise and pledge that the two great enemies of humanity are to be overcome.

For some persons the only gate that opens before them as they come to the end of their life is the gate of death. Death ends all for them. Their final lot is the lot in the cemetery. Their goal is the grave. "Dust to dust and ashes to ashes" are the only words in the committal service they believe. They think that the dissolution of the body is the destruction of the mind, since the mind is a mere function of the body, as music is of the violin, and with the death of the body the consciousness ceases to be, as with the destruction of the violin its music is no more. It is at best a cold, chilling prospect that opens before one, and at the worst a fearful gripping and tearing of one's heart strings, when he reflects that in a given number of years all that he now is, all that the world means to him, all that his work means to him, all that his loved ones mean to him, will utterly and absolutely pass away and cease to be. No wonder Spencer and Huxley dreaded such a fate and shrank from such a prospect. Such an outlook is most forbidding. It freezes the heart.

In contrast to this thought of death and this hopeless outlook, the Christian believer rejoices in the great faith that Jesus Christ overcame death. He overcame the fear of death. He faced it courageously with full consciousness and abiding faith in God. He would not die in a stupor induced by drinking from the drugged cup. He tasted death for every man. He went to his death with a vivid consciousness. He committed his soul into the care and keeping of God. He threw himself into the hands of the Father. His faith gave him confidence. And he overcame death in passing beyond its power. He went through the gates of death into eternal world. Resurrection is not resuscitation, but ascension into the eternal spiritual order. It is not a matter of the body, but of the soul of Christ, that we are concerned with on Easter day, and the soul of Christ would not be holden by death. So he conquered the fear of death in his soul, and the fact of death as an event in the history of the world.

And "he opened the gate of everlasting life for us all." Death is a gateway; it is an entrance into something else; it is a transition from one condition to another; it is not the last end, but a new beginning; it is not a linear step forward, but a mutation leap upward into a new mode of being, on a higher level of life. We continue to live, as conscious centers of thought, love, and action. Consciousness will have a larger span, a more vivid field of awareness, with infinitely larger contents. We shall therefore be more truly ourselves, richer individualities, with broader sympathies, larger ranges of interests, and a clearer vision of God. What we are now at rare moments, when we are at our best, suggests what we shall be all the time, and ever more so. The gate of everlasting life gives us entrance into all the wealth of life in our relations with all noble souls, the spiritual universe and the Eternal God.

This glorious vision of the immortal life gives our present life greater meaning and higher value. And so we pray for the divine grace to put into our minds good desires and to help us to bring them to good effect. Francis de Sales said good desires are "the flowers of the soul." They are the anticipations, due to divine grace, of the richer life hereafter. All pure desires, all true thoughts, all earnest strivings, all bright flashings of the imagination, are prophecies of the immortal life. They show us the direction we are moving. They reveal our deeper tendencies. And, by the help of God, we shall be able to bring them to their realization, to have the blossoms come to fruitage. Whatever, therefore, makes life richer and more significant here and now, whatever furthers our nobler purposes, and enhances our personalities, is the best preparation for the immortal life. Before such a soul the gate of everlasting life is held open by the Lord of all life.

D.E.

* *

THINGS A MINISTER OUGHT NOT TO SAY

THERE are some things a minister ought not to say in his pulpit or in private conversation, and ought not to assent to when said by others. We list a few:

That every labor agitator ought to be lynched.

That master minds of finance are entitled to all they can get.

That socialists should be shut up.

That a man's business is his own business.

That pulpit, press, politicians and even the courts are terrorized by labor.

That the Constitution is matchless and immortal and ought never to be changed.

That we must "prepare" to resist the yellow peril.

That we must be more practical and less idealistic.

All these things we have heard ministers of Christ say within a month. And all these things are anti-Christ. Some are utterances taken from their context and not quite as bad as they sound, although the spirit is wrong. Some are simply cheap. Some are attempts to curry favor.

They are the kind of things well-to-do men are saying in their lodges and clubs, as they congregate in smoking cars and on steamships, and as they stop one another in the street.

If such men, more highly favored with opportunities of school, of church, of books, of travel, show such intellectual caliber and exhibit such a spirit, can we wonder at the intolerance, the ignorance, the defiance and selfishness, of some labor men?

If the spirit of Christ is ever to prevail, if class conflicts and race conflicts are to be averted and every man dwell in safety and happiness and comfort under his own vine and fig tree, the ministers of Christ must "preach Christ."

* *

THE JEW AS A MODERN PROPHET

IT is possible that a large part of the reverence paid to Nathan and Elijah and Amos is due to the fact that they have been so long dead. They were as unwelcome to their own royal contemporaries as prophets of a new order always are to the fortunate favorites of an older one.

In recognizing the great forces of our time engaged in the struggle to free the soul of man from the bondage of things, we owe grateful appreciation to the modern kinsfolk of the older prophets.

Among the Jewish congregations there are leaders and groups of reformers and idealists who are valiant soldiers of the commonweal. Those who see most clearly that Jesus was in the sequence of the prophets will find the same sort of suggestion in a little book on "Social Justice," by Dr. Isador Singer, that they discovered in Professor Simkovitch's "Toward an Understanding of Jesus."

* *

THE NEWEST PSYCHOLOGY AND UNIVERSALISM

MEDIEVAL Orthodoxy has suffered so many destructive exposures from modern knowledge that one more or less may seem a small matter. Nevertheless the new physchology may yet have the credit of exposing its fundamental fallacy. Orthodox theology seeks to build up a trade monopoly of religion by making men believe it possesses something they must have and which they can obtain nowhere else. All the doctrines of blood atonement and schemes of salvation start with the assertion that man is by nature and inclination evil. Being evil, he can be made good only by religious magic, and between the incantations of the witch doctor, the gymnastics of the whirling dervish and the acrobatic hysteria of Billy Sunday there are differences of form but not of substance.

Now just as the physicists' discovery of the electron has made the materialist an anachronism, the psychologists are insisting on the identification of life with good instead of evil. They are telling us that in the very nature of man is lodged "the will to be sane," which means to be in right relations with all life and all lives. They are more and more insisting that *phobias*, or disordered functioning of the mind analogous to diseases of the body, are the sources of our moral and spiritual aberrations. Here is a new scientific contribution to the Universalist philosophy of life. To be sure there are multitudes of those still obsessed with the superstitious terrors that have survived from the days when witches rode the midnight air and the devil whispered in the parson's ear. As a matter of fact, to be "orthodox" to-day a man must be ignorant of matters of common knowledge, or too lazy to think, or both.

* *

WHY AMERICANS LEAVE HOME

PERSONS who have tried to found a modern college of medicine in China have been chagrined by the impossibility of attracting students. The explanation is that the profession offers no certainty of reward in China, because the Chinese mistrust all medical practitioners except those who follow methods adopted about 2625 B. C., and modified only slightly through the centuries from that time to the present. To condemn this antiquated treatment in Occidental eyes it is enough to say that a cardinal remedy for all ills is the sticking of pins into the human body at the point where the doctor's professional skill and alleged magic tell him that the evil resides.

So much for China. Now consider the latest intelligences from Constantinople. It appears that unveiled women in the Nationalist capital of Angora are still considered outcasts, and that the men refuse to look at them, despite the attempts of a noted woman author of the nation, who, as the wife of a former minister of finance, is the leader of a group zealous for the freedom of their sex. This woman, by name Hilade Hanum, persuaded her friends to go about the streets unveiled, but the attitude of the public has practically nullified their campaign of enlightenment. Outside of the city, more through fear than for any other reason, the Turkish women driving ox-carts or working in the fields also continue to wear the hampering veil, and there, as in the towns, it is a badge, not of their modesty, but of the persistence of the old order, wherein they remain chattels or toys.

Such incidents of fact rebuke the Americans who, for the want of travel and on account of their general ignorance, have the idea that all peoples are just about on a par, that right and wrong are simply a question of opinion, and that it is presumptuous for us to esteem our ways better than the ways of some others, or to seek the adoption of our institutions in other lands.

The missionary idea, in affairs religious or secular, is justified continuously in reports from countries which plain candor compels us to call benighted and backward, although a few individuals there may have advanced farther than most individuals here.

The sons and daughters of the United States of America must not fail, through isolation or apathy, in the task which as citizens of this tremendous republic they are most qualified to perform. Americans have begun, as missionaries and commercial agents, to communicate the spirit which thus far has caused their nation to prosper. We may accept as bald truth their report that the emancipation of people who walk in darkness depends upon Americans willing to leave home, literally or figuratively, in an endeavor to lead them into the light.

H. B.

Why I Believe In the Future Life

Harold H. Niles

FROM day to day, from season to season, man plans for and prepares to live in the days that are to be. Out of the dim unknown there comes what Milton calls "the never-ending flight of future days." Toward the future man looks wistfully, longingly, hopefully. This is true in the days of childhood, in the days of youth, when young people look forward to the days when they shall be the rulers and leaders and builders; it is true in the days of maturity when men look forward to the time of rest in the golden glowing sunset days. It is true in the days of old age, when men look over the horizon into the world beyond, listening for the voices of comrades long since fallen asleep.

Not only do men look forward to the days of this life but also to the days of that life beyond the grave. All down through the ages it has been ever so. To-day, no less than yesterday, men are interested in the great question of life and death and life forever.

Ever and anon we stand in solemn awe in the presence of death as our loved ones, our companions of earth, silently fold their tents and go away. Standing among silent tombstones in a country churchyard, Thomas Gray declared:

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour;
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

But Gray stopped too soon. He did not say the last word. Our own New England poet knew that the paths of life lead to the grave *and beyond*, and declared that "Dust thou art to dust returnest was not spoken of the soul."

Dr. Lyman Abbott in his Silhouettes of his contemporaries tells us of Edwin Booth's spiritual faith, which "carried him through experiences of great personal sorrow and professional disappointment. His wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, died, leaving him to be both father and mother to the daughter, two years old. Two years later the sorrow still remained, but his faith in immortality and in his art as a divinely inspired service had grown clearer and stronger. "Two years ago to-day," he wrote to a friend, "I last saw May alive! But, my dear friend, a light from Heaven has settled fairly and fully in my soul, and I regard death, as God intended we should understand it, as the breaking of eternal daylight and a birthday of the soul."

Jesus, who knew more about this subject than any other human being, said, "I go to prepare a place for you. In my Father's house there are many mansions." That statement of the Master's led Lyman Abbott to say: "The universe is God's house. This world is not the only habitat for the living. In His house are many rooms. Death is only pushing aside the portiere and passing from one room to another."

There is nothing new in what I have to say of my reasons for believing in immortality, but if the writing here of thoughts which have come to me and given me faith will help but one person to have a better faith and a greater hope then shall I be glad.

1. First let me say that I believe in the future life because my heart tells me it is true.

James Martineau was right when he said, "We do not believe in immortality because we can prove it, but we try to prove it because we can not help believing it." Snowden was equally right when he declared: "Our faith in immortality is much older and deeper than our reasoning and proofs in connection with it. It is a constitutional instinct and impulse which begins to act with the beginning of human experience and grows with its growth as a practical necessity. Reason did not create it and reason can not destroy it. God hath set eternity in the heart, and therefore eternity comes out of the heart before the mind begins to reason about the grounds on which it rests."

Irving Bacheller says the same thing: "What to me is the best reason is a thing no reasoning can explain—the fact that the desire to live after death is in every human heart."

There are those who say that we can not argue from instinct, because they declare instinct to be the result of habit. Two witnesses whose testimony is worth a great deal say that instinct is not habit. Charles Darwin has a chapter in his book on "The Origin of Species" devoted to the subject of instinct. In that chapter I read this statement: "It can be clearly shown that the most wonderful instincts with which we are acquainted, namely, those of the hive-bee and many ants, could not possibly have been acquired by habit." While John Burroughs declares that "about nine-tenths of the animal's life is controlled by instincts which God has given it."

Trusting their instincts, the animals and the birds live on from day to day. Trusting its instinct the little child grows into a man or a woman. Do you imagine that God would put true instincts in the wild animals of the fields and the birds of the air and then put a false instinct in the heart of man? I can not believe it! And because I can not believe it, I trust the instinct of my heart which leads me to believe in a life beyond.

> "Who tells the little growing things,
> Tells them sweet and true,
> That this is Spring, that robins sing,
> That skies are soft and blue?
>
> "What Power whispers 'neath the sod?
> Is it Nature? Is it God?
> How do the waiting rootlets hear
> That Spring has come and Easter near?
>
> "We may call it resurrection
> That stirs below the sod,
> But a dearer name
> That means the same,
> Is just to call it—God."

2. I believe in immortality because witnesses summoned before the court of my mind tell me it is true.

Here is this truth of the conservation of energy.

Nothing is lost, we are told. No grain of sand, no particle of matter, nothing, is ever lost in this material world. It does not seem possible to me that the great God would be so careful to preserve roses and dirt and then be willing to blot out forever the human soul.

Here is that something which we call Personality. In man there is something which thinks, feels, loves and is loved, and which wills. In view of the fact of the conservation of matter and energy it does not seem reasonable to me that God would conserve for all time energy and matter and allow this great dominating something which we call personality to be blotted out forever. It is unthinkable! It can not be!

Here is the fact that life is not completed here for the soul of man. It does not seem possible to me that God would give to man a soul so rich and wonderful and mighty and then snuff it out of existence before it had hardly begun to live. Why, man just begins to understand a little of the soul-power within him when death comes and takes him. Man does not live a complete life here. Therefore there must be another opportunity somewhere else to live and grow and develop the soul.

3. I believe in immortality because I believe in God, who, Jesus says, is our Father. I am willing to rest my hope of life beyond the grave upon the honor of God. I agree with Tennyson, who says:

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him; Thou art just."

4. And still further, I believe in immortality because Jesus tells me it is true. Jesus knew the truths about life—the great, deep, vital facts. And he said: "In my Father's house there are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you. And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me." Those statements answer all my questions and set my heart at rest. Jesus knew. That is enough for me. I am confident of life beyond.

For these reasons and for others which time does not permit me to outline I believe in the future life. Even so, some there may be who will say that they can not believe in the life beyond because the resurrection of Jesus has never been satisfactorily explained for them. Well, I have seen the caterpillar crawl upon the ground and I have seen later where he folded himself in a deep sleep. And then, later still, I have seen the empty shell and the butterfly dancing in the sunlight. There's a resurrection miracle. I feel confident that a God who can change butterflies into caterpillars can lift Jesus from the earth, and because I believe that He did, I believe that Jesus will draw us all unto him.

I have been interested in the life of Thomas Starr King. His belief in man was wonderful, his admiration for the Union knew no bounds, but greater still was his "lofty, unfaltering faith in the providential ordering of life and the eternity of the spiritual capacities of man." Dr. Wendte, describing his last hour on earth, says that Starr King turned to his wife and said: "Do not weep for me. I know it is all right. I wish I could make you feel so. I wish I could describe my feelings. It is strange! I feel all the privileges and greatness of the future!" "I see," he said to another, "a great future before me. It already looks grand, beautiful. Tell them at home that I went lovingly, trustingly, peacefully." Then, quietly repeating the Lord's Prayer, he closed his eyes and his soul went forth into the great hereafter. And Starr King now knows what I believe is true, that somewhere we shall all live again.

Thank God for the angels of faith and hope which enable us to hold this great faith in the final harmony of all souls with Him.

"Angels sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love."

Too Good Not to Be True

M. Wilma Stubbs

BACK, far back, in the unwritten annals of the race, man entered the outlying approaches of a wonderful new realm. It was then, when he first consciously ceased to live wholly in the moment and merely for the gratification of his physical needs and cravings, that he entered into his great inheritance—"the wages of going on and not to die." With the lapse of myriads of years he has advanced a very little way into this kingdom to find that apparently no boundaries lie ahead and no barriers save those of his own making.

Immortality, if it is at all, is more than continuance of existence. It is a character created in the image of God, begun on earth, completed when and where?

"Consider the deliberate stars—how eternity waits their fulfilments.
A hundred million ages, and yet, sometimes
Here and now, in these small primeval days, in this gloaming of creation's dawn—
Here and now, sometimes, there crackles out a tiny shimmering spark,
Some hint in our blind, protoplasmic lives,
Of that far, infinite torch
Whose ray shall one day touch the utmost reaches of space
Where life is born."

"The New Testament," Harry Emerson Fosdick has said, "is a treatise upon self-respect. The central theme around which all its harmonies are composed is the spiritual nature, the permanent continuance, the infinite value, the boundless possibility of man." Browning believed that "in a cosmos where incompleteness argues completeness, life implies immortality." It is inherent in human nature to wish to finish what one has begun. Yet if personality ends with the dissolution of the physical body, that inborn desire of all mankind is without fulfilment.

Unless it is to issue in some ultimately triumphant achievement, majestic and splendid and yet unquestionably so simple and satisfying that, when we understand, our wonder will be that we were not able earlier to bear the knowledge of it, this universe of ordered power and grandeur, before which the reverent scientist bows in awe, is meaningless. We question: Is it probable or possible that the Energy beating at the heart of all things, that the Intelligence out of which the human mind is born, that the Love and Righteousness in which moral integrity and human love at their highest are founded—in a word, that God, is less than His creation? Yet the creature has caught glimpses of a future too marvelous for thought, "too good not to be true," has made for himself visions of a time when man shall have put sin forever beneath his feet, and love, strong and virile, born of self-sacrifice and so akin to God, shall hold undisputed sway.

Was it not William Dean Howells who said, "When we universally want to know whether we shall live again, we shall know, on the principle that people always get what they want?" "To have faith in immortality," is the wise dictum of Lyman Abbott, "we must practise immortality." As the chemist, or the machinist, or the farmer, realizes that, to make the physical forces of nature contribute to his well-being, he must work in harmony with the laws of nature, so the spirit in man seeks to discover the laws by which in this present and in an unending future the higher, immortal self may grow in spiritual power and, without detracting from the soul's splendid individuality, become one with God in purpose and in love, in the great, undying, imperishable foundations of moral character. So the last of life becomes the best of life.

"And if the eye must fail of light,
The ear forget to hear,
Make clearer still the spirit's sight,
More fine the inward ear."

One is reminded here of the parable of the talents. If a man prove unfaithful with the smaller trust—this bit of eternity which is crowded into the years of life on earth—how, one questions, shall he prove faithful in the use of larger and freer life? God, not man, must answer. Yet out of one's own knowledge of human fatherhood and motherhood, yes, and out of our own attitude toward any undertaking entered upon and deemed worth while, we are led to believe that the Master Workman and the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ will not fail in the stupendous undertaking of creating "souls never to die," in creating them also in His own spiritual image.

The Christian belief in personal immortality, far from lulling the true man or woman into a disregard of unjust present conditions, becomes to those who hold it in its largeness a challenge to ever grander moral achievement and ever finer social ideals. For if God places so high an estimate upon the worth of an individual soul as the teaching and the sacrificial love of Christ would prove, man can not afford to wrong, neither will he if he is a true man wish to wrong, his neighbor and brother, and if the Biblical visions of that great democracy of just souls made perfect—the Kingdom of Heaven—are a foreshortened revelation of a glory which, in its completeness, shall surely be sometime, somewhere, if the foundations of that Kingdom are being laid now and here, and if life—this Triumphant Life—is and has been and is to be, with Time as a part of the everlasting Now and death

"but a covered way
Which opens into light,"

then every smallest advance along the upward road means co-operation with God in His great task. It would seem indeed that there could be no stronger incentive to just dealing one with another and to the finest devotion to social betterment than the sure knowledge that we are to live forever and that a supreme need of the individual soul is the need to learn how to live in harmony with others in an ideal society, founded upon mutual fidelity, mutual honesty, mutual respect, mutual unselfishness and mutual love. Holding such convictions concerning God and himself and the future, man will not strive for power for the purpose of selfishly dominating his brothers, but he will strive to increase and perfect all the powers of his manhood that he may lift others with himself into higher, broader and richer life.

"Man's willingness to sacrifice for anything depends on his evaluation of its worth." In the light shed from such vistas of possibility, we learn to see in other people and in ourselves not human limitation only, but divine potentiality as well.

"God will not let my field lie fallow.
The ploughshare is sharp, the feet of His oxen are heavy:
They hurt.
But I can not stay God from His ploughing,
I, the lord of the field."

Is it supposable that the infinitude of God's impatience finds more marvelous expression in the making of a star or in the forming of the pebble at our feet than in the creation in likeness to Himself of a human soul, a human society, in which Righteousness and Unselfishness and Love form a perfect harmony to which even the material universe is and is to be obedient?

Personality—responsible, moral personality—is surely the highest achievement of nature. And is there not in it the best possible proof of God? For how shall we suppose that any part of creation is more and greater than its Creator? Such personality we must think is far too precious to be lost in oblivion or in any absorption into God other than that oneness of character and perfect love to which Christ referred in his last marvelous talk with his disciples, glimpses of which flash before the eyes of the soul of every true man and woman in times of inspired insight.

In its deepest longings the human heart demands and has always demanded the continuance of human affection, when this affection is based upon spiritual values. Out of his deep sorrow, otherwise hopeless, came Emerson's vision of truth in the "Threnody."

"What is excellent
As God lives is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Hearts' love will meet thee again."

Matter is changed in form, say those who know, but it is not destroyed. Why should there not be a body celestial as truly as a body terrestrial? That the owl sees best in the dark, that the fish lives in water and dies on land, is no miracle, though man may do neither of these things. The artist, when he is deprived by accident of the use of his hands, does not lose his power to conceive in thought beautiful pictures and statues. "When the spirit comes to know," so says a recent writer, "that it is in God that it lives and moves and has its being, it knows that since its life is in Him, it is not dependent upon outward things and outward changes." "There is no death: God's gift is life."

"Too good not to be true." In the majesty of thoughts as much higher than our thoughts as the stars are distant from us, of plans wondrously more glorious than anything that the human consciousness has yet been able to grasp, of years immeasurably vaster than the cycles of our little earthly lives, yet in the tenderness and loving patience of a Father in whom all true fatherhood and all true motherhood with their understanding, imperfect though it may be, of the child's limited vision, are grounded—how God must smile at man's hasty conclusions that, because forsooth the tiny bit of web he sees may seem dark in color, there is neither Plan nor Planner therefor, not knowing that

"The darkness of His providence
Is starlit with divine intent."

"Too good not to be true." For the wise Planner of a mighty universe would surely not have allowed man to form a hope incapable of fulfilment. The whole history of civilization disproves that theory. "Too good not to be true." For the belief in immortality, the sure conviction of it, vindicates God in allowing pain and sorrow and suffering and what we term death, until man shall become strong enough in mind and soul to win power over them by the might of his knowledge and of his justice and his love. "Too good not to be true." For immortality, as we have found, necessitates the recognition of the worth of the individual and the dignity of his place in the social order. Democracy, in its larger meanings, and the immortality of the individual soul are brothers.

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be." Perhaps it is not necessary to know the outward environment in which we shall find ourselves when we have passed into "the other room." Perhaps sometime such knowledge will be given. But whatever this life upon which we shall all sooner or later enter may be, our own good sense teaches us that it will not be less than life here, that in proportion as we are ready for it, it will offer increased opportunity for the satisfaction of the highest purposes, the fulfilment of the finest ideals, we have cherished here. So, if we have won the possession of a teachable spirit, death loses for us its dread and becomes an open gateway into a great country into which God Himself will guide our fearful and faltering steps.

"After the stress of battle,
The trumpet sounding 'taps;'

"After despair and doubting,
A faith without alloy;
God here and over yonder—
The end of all things—joy."

Franklin K. Lane in the Other Land

IN the last instalment of the letters of Franklin K. Lane, published serially throughout the country and now put into book form by Houghton Mifflin Company, there are references to the great change which Lane faced so unflinchingly.

It has been said that Lane had no religious faith. Men who define religion in terms of the life of God revealing itself in human lives, know that his whole life was a religious life. They know now from these letters how he let his mind dwell, half playfully but with underlying earnestness, on that great question which nobody has solved. There is no question that Lane shared the great hope.

May 11, 1921.

Last Friday, you see, about ten in the morning, I took the step that I should have taken months, yes, years ago. I was stretched on a stiff, hard table, my arms were clamped down, and in three-quarters of an hour I had my appendix and my gall bladder removed, which latter was a stone quarry and the former a cesspool. To-day, most tentatively, I crawled on to a chair and ate my first mouthful of solid food. But four days ago I managed to shave myself, and I am regarded as pretty spry.

For two days I had had knowledge that this operation was to take place at this time, and my nerves had not been just as good as they should have been. Those men who sleep twelve hours perfectly before being electrocuted have evidently led more tranquil lives than I have, or have less concern as to the future. Ah, now I was to know the great secret! For forty years I had been wondering, wondering. Often I had said to myself that I should summon to my mind when this moment came some words that would be somewhat a synthesis of my philosophy. Socrates said to those who stood by, after he had drunk the hemlock, "No evil can befall a good man, whether he be alive or dead." I don't know how far from that we have gone in these twenty-four hundred years. The apothegm, however, was not apposite to me, because it involved a declaration that I was a good man, and I don't know any one who has the right so to appreciate himself. And I had come to the conclusion that perhaps the best statement of my creed could be fitted into the words, "I accept," which to me meant that if in the law of nature my individual spirit was to go back into the great Ocean of Spirits, my one duty was to conform. "Lead, Kindly Light," was all the gospel I had. I accepted. I made pretense to put out my hand in submission and lay there.

"All through, doctor?"

"Yes, doctor."

"Very well, we will proceed."

And I was gradually pushed through the hall into the operating room. The process there was lightning-like. I was in torture.

"Lift me, lift me up."

"What for?"

"I have one of those angina pains and I must ease it by getting up and taking some nitro."

That had been my practise, but I did not reason that never before had the pain come on my right side.

"Give him a whiff of ether." The tenderest arms stole around my head and the softest possible voice—Ulysses must have heard it long ago—"Now do take a deep breath." I re-

sisted. I had been told that I would see the performance.

"Please do, breathe very deeply—just one good deep breath."

That pain was burning the side out of me. I tried to get my hand up to my side. Of course it was tied down. I swore. "Oh, Christ! This is terrible."

"It will stop if you will reach for a big breath"—and I resigned myself. Men who are given the third degree have no stronger will than mine. I knew I was helpless. I must go through. I must surrender to that Circean voice.

I heard the doctor in a commonplace monotone say, "This is an unusual case"—the rest of this sentence I never heard.

There was a long ray of gray light leading from my bed to my door. I had opened my eyes. "I had not died." I had come through the valley.

"I wonder what he got?"

In the broad part of the ray was my wife smiling, and stretching out to that unreachable door were others whom I recognized, all smiling. Things were dim, but my mind seemed definite.

"What did he get?" I had expected eternal mysteries to be unraveled. Either I would know, or not know, and I would not know that I would not know.

"He got a gall bladder filled with stones and a bad appendix, and now you are to lie still."

Then to this the drama had come, the drama beyond all dramas—a handful of brownish secretions and a couple of pieces of morbid flesh! Ah me!

I am doing well, cared for well, as happy as can be; have had none of my angina pains since the operation. And as I lie here, I contemplate (making) a frieze—a procession of doctors and nurses and interns, of diagnosticians and technicians and experts and mechanics and servitors and cooks—all, the great and the small, in profile. They are to look like those who have made their pretenses before me during the past year—the solemn and the stupid; the kindly, the reckless; the off-hand; the erudite, the practical; the many men with tubes and the many men with electrical machines. Old Esculapius must begin the procession, but the Man with the Knife, regnant, heroic size, must end it.

What a great thing, what a pride, to have the two men of greatest constructive imagination and courage in surgery in the world as Americans, Dr. Charles and Dr. Will Mayo.

Franklin K. Lane died May 18, 1921. The following, written May 17, was found in his room after his death:

And if I had passed into that other land, whom would I have sought—and what should I have done?

No doubt, first of all I would have sought the few loved ones whose common life with me had given us matter for talk, and whom I had known so well, that I had loved dearly. Then perhaps there might have (been) some gratifying of a cheap curiosity, some searching and craning after the names that had been sierras along my skyline. But I know now there would have been little of that. It would not have been in me to have gone about asking Alexander and Cromwell little questions. For what would signify the trifle which made a personal fortune, that put a new name up upon some pilaster men bowed to as they passed? Were Aristotle there, holding in his hand the strings and cables that tied together all the swinging and surging and lagging movements of the whole earth's life—an informed, pregnant Aristotle—Ah! there would be the man to talk with!

What satisfaction to see him take, like reins from between his fingers, the long ribbons of man's life and trace it through the mystifying maze of all the adventure of his coming up. The crooked made straight. The "Daedalian plan" simplified by a look from above—smeared out as it were by the splotch of some master thumb that made the whole involuted, boggling thing one beautiful, straight line. And one could see, as on a map of ocean currents, the swing and movements of a thousand million years. I think that I would not expect that he could tell the reason why the way began, nor where it would end. That's divine business, yet for the free-going of the mind it would lend such impulse, to see clearly. Thus much for curiosity! The way up which we've stumbled.

But for my heart's content in that new land, I think I'd rather loaf with Lincoln along a river bank. I know I could understand him. I would not have to learn who were his friends and who his enemies, what theories he was committed to, and what against. We could just talk and open out our minds, and tell our doubts and swap the longings of our hearts that others never heard of. He wouldn't try to master me nor to make me feel how small I was. I'd dare to ask him things and know that he felt awkward about them, too. And I would find, I know I would, that he had hit his shin just on those very stumps that had hit me. We'd talk of men a lot, the kind they call the great. I would not find him scornful. Yet boys that he knew in New Salem would somehow appear larger in their souls than some of these that I had called the great. His wise eyes saw qualities that weighed more than smartness. Yes, we would sit down where the bank sloped gently to the quiet stream and glance at the picture of our people, the negroes being lynched, the miners' civil war, labor's hold-ups, employers' ruthlessness, the subordination of humanity to industry. . . .

"If a Man Die Shall He Live Again?"

Irving Bacheller

IF a man die shall he live again? Surely if there is anything in him worth keeping. Lavish as she may seem, Nature is a thorough economist.

A man is more than meat and the patient toil which has gone to make him a thing above swine is not to be thrown away. That toil is founded, mostly, on the hope of immortal life.

But we fail when we try to give reasons for our faith. It is a thing above reasons—as far above them as love is: it is a thing that silently grows in the soil of one's life and is beyond his understanding, as hopelessly beyond it as the pulsing protoplasm. With all life founded on a miracle Reason has a short flight at best.

If you spoke with the tongues of men and of angels and had the gift of prophecy and knew all mysteries and all knowledge, still that one thing could not be explained, for others would need a like equipment to understand it.

Surely if one were to write for a hundred years he could then only have begun to give the reasons for his faith. They are so many—so very many. I find them in littleness and immensity, in the whole and in every part. And what to me is one of the best of them is a thing no reasoning can explain—the fact that the desire to live after death is in every human heart.

How may one denounce it all as an infinite scheme of deceit unless he wishes to appoint himself the Judge of All Things and the Wisest Man in the World? In that case we should know how to classify him.

Cruising Around a Changing World

VIII A Night Trip to a Volcano

John van Schaick, Jr.

POOR coal taken on at San Francisco held us up so that we approached Hilo on the island of Hawaii eleven hours late. Instead of landing at eight o'clock in the morning we nded at five in the afternoon. By wireless the execu-ve in charge of our party canceled old arrangements, ade new ones, transported eight hundred people at ight to the top of a mountain thirty miles from port, d them at "the volcano house" and delivered them gain to the ship between three and five a. m. To o this he divided them into sections of four hundred ach, and used a train for one section and automobiles r the other, reversing parties coming back. The xecutive sat in his office on the ship with telephone onnection to all main points, while his efficient sub-hiefs reported to him hour by hour. Spare auto-obiles trailed the party, picking up casualties—people ith tire trouble, people ditched, people out of gas—e last straggler came in out of the dark by five in e morning and the ship left for Honolulu.

As a transportation feat it was magnificent—never attempted before," "largest party ever on the land," "done at night, too." As a night picnic with l kinds of experiences, it was great fun. As an ex-oration of a volcano, or even a visit to it, it was a ke.

Don't misunderstand me. Nobody can criticise e manager of this expedition for poor coal; nobody n blame him for taking us up at night instead of by y, for he did the only thing possible, and night, ter all, is the time to see fire; nobody can blame him cause Pele, the fire god, was sleeping; but it was a rd thing on old people, frail people, and in fact erybody, and the big travel executive says this orning, "It isn't worth a candle. Never again."

Leaving the dock at 5 p. m., our half of the party ok automobiles for Kilauea, the largest active lcano in the world. We had an hour of daylight, swift passage through the outskirts of Hilo, the port, th children cheering and throwing flowers into the r, and a steady climb on a hard road through a nderful tropical growth. So much rain falls on e windward side of these islands that the vegetation magnificent.

We were lucky enough to see the tall ferns, the coanut, the guava and, to my delight, the two most nous trees for wood, the *koa*, called Hawaiian hogany, and the *ohia*, the dark wood which is ed for many things from paneling down to fence sts. We saw the famous sugar plantations, the g chutes full of water which carry the cane for les to the mills, and the fields of pineapples, known e world over. Little villages, smiling people, cheer-g children, palms, flowers, a good road—then rkness, a bad road, bumps, cold, and at last a sud-n stop at a cheerful hotel with great wood fires zing in the lobby. Between seven and eight we , not dog, once so famous on the islands, not *poi*, sour paste from the pounded *kalo* bulb, not the coanuts or guavas the natives love, but pork, that other staple of the old days on the islands, bananas and oranges, also raised in abundance, delicious carrots and potatoes, and a pie made from native berries—a distinctly new taste and a good one. Then until 11 p. m. we sat in huge chairs or on the floor, and read old magazines, waiting for the other section, which had taken train for twenty miles and then used our returning automobiles for the final eleven or twelve miles.

At last they came in, tearing hungry, all cold, some laughing, others angry, and still others dumb with fatigue.

"Take a box of matches with you," said one lady, "and light them freely if you want to see any volcano."

"Not worth doing," said a clergyman. "I wish I had stayed on the ship."

"They didn't give Cowell enough fireworks," said a third, "when they sent him on ahead to go down in that pit and light up."

"I am glad I went," said the oldest and one of the brightest ladies of the party, a Buffalo lady who does not hesitate to tell that she is well past eighty. "I am glad because as I stepped back from that pit I looked up, and I never had such a view of Orion in my life."

We went after a volcano and we found stars. The mountain was dark, the lava fields indistinct, the far-famed fire pit showed us, as we were led to the terrible brink, only a faint rosy glow, far down, and only a little steam blew across the road as we went back, but again we looked all the way from the North Star down almost to the Southern Cross, and the stars on the sky line were as bright as those in the zenith.

As I turned away from the edge of the pit, I looked at my watch and it was just midnight. I laughed aloud as I thought where we were and why.

An Episcopal rector from Brooklyn came up and said, "I'd have carried away a great idea of this volcano if I had been content to take simply your lecture on shipboard Tuesday night and had stayed away from here."

Stumbling over lava blocks, we got into the automobiles, which had brought us six miles from the hotel, and went down another eleven miles to the train. One of the cars on the train was open, the night was cold, the people crowded into the other cars, and from 1.45 a. m. to 3 a. m. I slept standing braced against a door, when I wasn't laughing to see what the carful looked like.

So we came back to the ship, followed for the next two hours by the motors, took our hot tea, our hot coffee, our hot food, which the stewards had stayed up all night to serve, and went to bed.

A few said: "I wouldn't have missed it. The ferns in the headlights of the motor cars were wonderful. I had such a happy time." Some grumbled, some protested, some joked about the experience, but most of them were stupid and inert from sleepiness

and fatigue. To the young folks, crowded together in congenial parties, it was of course a great lark.

I can thank habit or the sub-conscious mind that I awoke a little after six and went out as usual to shave. A chance look through the port-hole on the port side woke me up thoroughly. Even the little bath steward, with nothing to do this morning, was watching. As so often happens, the prepared thing failed and the incidental and the unexpected turned out to be the great experience of the expedition.

Know then that this island of Hawaii is made up of three mountains, the greatest mountains which rise out of the Pacific Ocean—Mauna Kea, 13,825 feet above sea level, Mauna Loa, 13,300, and Mauna Hualali, over eight thousand feet, connected by a high plateau.

Kilauea, the volcano which we visited, four thousand feet high, is on a shoulder of Mauna Loa, a mightier volcano which is alive but quiescent. Darkness had kept us from getting the views of Mauna Loa which we had read about and expected.

But our course northward from the port of Hilo *en route* for Honolulu, two hundred miles away, for seventy-five miles is along the windward side of Hawaii. When I got up we were just well started. And there before me was the famous line of cliffs on which is the beautiful Hamakua drive we had expected to take, the gorges made by mountain torrents breaking through, the waterfalls, farther back the green slopes, the sugar plantations, the little villages, the plantation houses each with its group of buildings like a village in itself, and the higher grazing fields behind.

But that which crowned all, which gave the background, which made the sight of a life-time, was the early morning sun on the snow peaks of Mauna Kea. A shining sea in the foreground, jagged cliffs and gorges along the coast, gleaming white surf at the base, fields of most beautiful green, and dark forests stretching upward thousands of feet, and above all snow peaks and snow fields of spotless purity against a sky of deep blue —made an impression which will be lasting. And only half a dozen of us were on deck.

As we looked, a bit of fleecy cloud came down upon one of the snow fields, and by breakfast time the mountain tops were wrapped about securely with the black and gray storm clouds which cover them the greater part of the time.

Just as unexpected, almost as beautiful, rather generally disregarded in the expectancy of greater things to come, was the approach to Hawaii yesterday late in the day. We knew that Hilo, the port, had an average rain fall of 150 inches a year. As we approached we saw heavy showers up valleys both to the right and left. But the sun shone on the water between us and the island, and we carried the sunshine into the harbor with us.

The slow approach, the green island, the deep blue water, the crescent-shaped harbor which gives Hilo its name, "new moon," the Hawaiian boys swimming in the water and diving for pennies, the landing stage crowded with people of all races, the Hawaiian music, the wreaths with which every passenger was decorated by young girls—all ran true to form.

People stood packed in the gangway one hour and twenty minutes waiting to be the first ashore, keenly intent on having a good time later, while their wiser comrades leaned over the rail up above or sat in deck chairs watching something which was really one of the two great things of the visit and which the people in the gangway were missing.

To learn to possess one's soul in patience, to cultivate receptivity, to get rid of straining and hurry, to be ready when the big thing shows up, and above all to be looking out for the other fellow, is the secret of happy traveling. I wish I had learned it better.

Now we must not get from this letter the idea that Hawaii and Kilauea and the Volcano House are not places to visit. Perhaps the executive is right—he had better leave it out for mass traveling, unless he knows that there is picturesque activity at the volcano and unless he can be sure he has time to show some of the lovely drives by day. But note what my friend Wm. R. Castle, Jr., says of Kilauea in his book, "Hawaii Past and Present."

> "Halemaumau, the crater within the crater of Kilauea, is certainly the home of the goddess Pele. By daylight the lake of fire is of greenish yellow, cut with ragged cracks of red that look like streaks of stationary lightning. It is restless, breathing rapidly, bubbling up at one point and sinking down at another; throwing up sudden fountains of scarlet lava that play a few minutes and subside, leaving shimmering mounds which gradually settle to the level surface of the lake, turning brown and yellow as they sink. As daylight fades the fires of the pit shine more brightly. Mauna Loa behind becomes a pale grey blue insubstantial dome. . . . As darkness comes on the colors on the lake become so intense they almost hurt. The fire is not only red; it is blue and purple and orange and green. Blue flames shimmer and dart about the edges of the pit. Sudden fountains paint blood red the great flame of sulphur smoke that rises constantly. . . . Sometimes the spurts of lava are so violent, so exaggerated by the night, that one draws back terrified lest some atom of their molten substance should spatter over the edge of the precipice. Sometimes the whole lake is in motion. Waves of fire toss and battle with each other and dash in clouds of bright vermillion spray against the black sides of the pit. Sometimes one of these sides falls in with a roar that echoes back and forth, and mighty rocks are swallowed in the liquid mass which closes over them in the whirlpool."

People who have read descriptions like this, unquestionably accurate for periods when Kilauea is active, ought to read Mrs. Larz Anderson's description in "The Spell of the Hawaiian Islands" to balance it, for her experience was more like ours.

This island of Hawaii, now rapidly sinking behind us, as we head northwest, is the largest of the Hawaiian group and the one which gives its name both to the group and to the territory which the United States made out of them all in 1898. It is the area of the state of Connecticut and larger than all the other islands put together.

On Hawaii are two of the three national parks in the Hawaiian Islands created by Act of Congress in 1915, that on Mauna Loa with 17,380 acres and the one on Kilauea with 79,265 acres. These parks include not only craters but wonderful tropical forests with many rare and beautiful trees. A pamphlet giving

ı accurate description of these parks, containing ıe rules of the Interior Department governing them, ıd well illustrated, may be obtained by writing to ıe Hawaii Tourist Bureau, 521 Monadnock Building, ın Francisco, Cal., and asking for pamphlet entitled Rules and Regulations Hawaii National Park."

Probably the government at Washington also ırnishes a similar pamphlet at trifling cost.

Hilo, the port of Hawaii, has a population of ten twelve thousand people. From Hilo the sugar and neapples of the eastern part of the island are shipped, ıd at Hilo is the Boys' Boarding School patterned ter Hampton Institute, Va.

Oceans are no longer a barrier to the tides of ıman influence. Back and forth these tides surge. ı 1820 the American Christians sent missionaries to ıe Sandwich Islands, as they were then called. merican money was given to help the Hawaiians. ı a strange way what was given returned to bless ır own country. General Armstrong was a child ɔrn of two of these missionaries. After the Civil Var when he was put in charge of a district for the reedman's Bureau and had thrust upon him responbility for thousands of colored people, he remem-ered the methods the missionaries had developed so ıccessfully on the islands for the native Hawaiians—system of moral and manual training to supplement erary training.

General Armstrong's father knew all about it, r he was Superintendent of Education for the King.

At Lahaina Luna Seminary on the island of Maui, founded in 1831, and at the Hilo Boys' School on the island of Hawaii, founded a few years later, successful industrial and manual training work had been done. Young Armstrong learned all about it and in a great emergency after the Civil War put all that learning to use in founding Hampton Institute.

I am watching to-day for Maui, not because of the great volcano with its crater twenty miles around, or because of the new national park, or even because of its far-famed scenery, but because Armstrong was born there.

Lahaina and Hilo are the parents of Hampton, and the grandparents of Tuskegee and many other children. The education which began as something just for an inferior race has profoundly modified all education. It is just as good for the white man to have an all around education, head, hand and heart, as it is for the negro or the Polynesian. And much of this bread of the new education is bread which was cast on the water in the form of missions returned after many days.

In our stateroom this morning we found a large Hawaiian *papaia* and with it a card reading, "Miss M. C. Hazard, Providence, R. I., Hilo Boarding School, Hilo, Hawaii," and also a bulletin of the Los Angeles Universalist church. Not only the native Hawaiians throw flowers at the cars of strangers and hang wreaths about their necks, but the same spirit of human kindness seems to permeate everybody in these lovely islands.

At sea, February 16, 1923.

Vest Pocket Lay Sermons

XIX Easter

Agricola

EASTER is not a miracle, it is a fountain of inspiration, a shout of joy. Life, indestructible, perennial, reborn, waves to us its salutation with the Easter lilies. We are ɔt children of the dust. We are divine pilgrims in ıture whose travel journey shall have no end.

A Pagan festival has been made into a Christian ast, with song, flowers, inward exultation and outard rejoicing. The Christian Church never hesites to borrow its days of celebration from all sources, hether sacred or secular. On the frozen shores of e Baltic in the old Norse communities the first eath of spring was hailed with joy and honored by ocessions of boys and maidens clad in white. Ice ıd frost had been conquered and another seed-time ıd harvest were promised by old Dame Nature.

Take over this nature festival, invest it with a cred significance by associating it with Jesus' surrection, dress it with joyous garlands, and what uld be more gorgeous as a pageant of the Church? outh, flowers, spring-time, immortality, it is an ımatched combination of human elements devoted religious purposes. The Catholic Church, in hose bosom the Christian Easter was born, knows l the psychology of sentiment and appeal. There e maxims, customs, pageants, and prayers for every ssible event in human life.

Although we do not believe in the physical resurrection of the body we are not blind or insensible to the deep significance of Easter. Symbols are often more appealing than the things they represent. They steal upon our senses with a subtle perfume which intoxicates the imagination and leaves us willing captives in a land of dreams. Yielding to their witchery, we find our souls remade by their invisible influence.

And what if Browning be right?

> "From repose
> We shall start up, at last awake
> From life, that insane dream we take
> For waking now, because it seems."

Man is a creature of two worlds. There is no satisfying philosophy which ends at the grave. It takes another life to round out and make amends for the sorrows of this. "If Death ends all, of all creatures man is the most miserable." Life can be endured, its sorrows bravely borne and even welcomed, if they purchase for us a "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Immortality is not only the pledge of happiness, but the guarantee of exact and even-handed justice in the life of every soul.

Easter means that life is perennial. In every spring-time what wealth of life becomes visible! Winter yields to summer, death is conquered, life is immortal, beauty springs out of desolation and decay.

The world turns from an icy tomb to be a theater of joy.

On Easter we can see the Delectable Hills. What are the thorns and quicksands of daily living to those shining heights? Feeding on those views, anticipating their joys, the soul sends up a shout of triumph and presses bravely forward on its sorrow-stained journey.

The Japanese Problem of Hawaii

Albert W. Palmer

Last January the Earl Lectures before the Pacific School of Religion at Berkeley were delivered by the Rev. Albert W. Palmer, D. D., pastor of the Central Union Church of Honolulu, H. I. The following is an abstract of the third Earl lecture. Dr. Palmer has revised the entire series for publication in book form under the title "East and West in Hawaii," soon to be issued by the Doran firm. The book is a study of Hawaii as an Inter-racial Experiment Station or a Laboratory for the Study of International Good Will. Even in the following press abstract our readers will recognize that Dr. Palmer is a man of power with a real message. The *Leader* looks forward with interest to the publishing of "East and West in Hawaii."

SOONER or later every one who becomes at all interested in our remarkable inter-racial experiment station down here in Hawaii asks the question (sometimes in an ominous whisper), "Yes, but what about the Japanese?"

Well, we have our Japanese problem here in Hawaii. We have 110,000 Japanese out of our total population of 250,000. There are three Japanese daily papers in Honolulu and upwards of a hundred Buddhist temples or Shinto shrines in the territory. The dominant labor group on our plantations and nearly half of our 42,000 school children are Japanese.

Naturally there has been some friction, even in a land with such favorable traditions of racial friendliness as Hawaii. That there has not been more friction is due to the fact that the problem has been dealt with differently than it has on the Pacific Coast, and also, it must be stated in all fairness, because the social psychology of the Japanese and their position in the community is free from some elements which have been sources of irritation in California and elsewhere. It must always be remembered that here in Hawaii we have no white laboring class for the Japanese to antagonize by competition, and that the Japanese, moreover, never pushed themselves into Hawaii. They came by invitation—although, of course, they come no more since the "gentleman's agreement."

As a result of these conditions the Japanese have never felt that they were looked upon with hostility, and the effect upon their pyschology is marked. They are distinctly more approachable and less inscrutable than on the mainland, where their situation and consequently their psychology sometimes has an Ishmaelitish tendency. They are also less isolated. More and more they blend into the community, even though they seldom inter-marry with other races, and in public schools and as clerks and workmen they are not kept so much to themselves as in California.

Even athletics contribute to this wholesome fellowship with others. A certain plantation started the season with several ball teams on strictly racial lines, but when the team was made up at the end of the season to play the next plantation it was an inter-racial composite based on athletic ability and not racial origin. In a preliminary practise the captain, a *"hapa-pale,"* or Chinese-Hawaiian, was heard to say: "Hey, Lee Hop, you pitch, and Fuji, you catch, you Portuguese play first base, Filipino on second, Kanaka on third, you *haolo* (white man) play short-stop." Then turning to the plantation welfare worker with a grin he remarked philosophically: "All mix up like hell." Some of us think it will be that way in heaven, too!

The principal points of friction with the Japanese in Hawaii have been economic and educational. In the spring of 1920 the Japanese Labor Federation staged a strike of plantation labor which has greatly harmed the previous good-will toward the Japanese. The strike was cleverly organized. Only on one island did the laborers strike. On the others they kept working, and out of their wages paid strike benefits to support the strikers. Thus the sugar planters were forced practically to finance the strike against themselves. The Japanese laborers had some real economic grievances, they did deserve better wages, a bonus adjustment and improved living conditions. But they went about it in such a nationalistic fashion, even reporting non-strikers to their home town officials in Japan, that it seemed as if American control of Hawaii depended on breaking the strike.

The strike finally collapsed, but has been continued since in an underground way by a listless and indifferent attitude on the part of many laborers and a general exodus of others to Japan. This situation probably is due in part to the short-sighted labor policy of the Hawaiian Planters Association. The Planters are right in refusing to deal with the nationalistic Japanese laborers Federation, but were they not wrong in failing to provide, as a substitute, some adequate machinery for representation whereby their employees could deal with them through mutually recognized and accepted channels?

The second place of friction with the Japanese has been the Japanese language schools. These schools, organized and supported by the Japanese themselves, though often aided by the plantations took the Japanese children, either before or after the public school hours, and taught them the Japanese language, history and other subjects. Many of these schools were under Buddhist control. In line with the general American awakening about foreign language schools which resulted from the war, a movement developed to abolish the language schools by legislative enactment. This problem, which at one time threatened to embitter our situation here beyond remedy, was happily solved by an informal conference of the most broad-minded leaders of the

ommunity, both American and Japanese. The esult was a law, suggested by the Japanese themelves, placing the language schools under control f the Board of Education, reducing the hours, and equiring all language school teachers to take courses nd pass examinations in American history and ideals nd the institutions of democracy, and, after two ears, in the English language.

The result has been very satisfactory and has had distinct Americanizing effect. The self-respect of ne Japanese has been preserved and their educational aders are being exposed to wholesome instruction n vital American principles. It should be noted that ne leaders on both sides, both in proposing this plan nd carrying it out, have been Christians—Christian apanese, returned missionaries from Japan, Y. M. . A. and Y. W. C. A. secretaries, and descendants of ld missionary families in Hawaii.

It was inevitable that, following the schools, the nguage press should come up for consideration. Iere again more considerate counsels prevailed and, nstead of abolishing the language press, a strong law enalizing papers for publishing material inciting to isloyalty, violence, or race antagonism was passed. t is worthy of note that the *Nippu Jiji*, the leading apanese daily, publishes one page entirely in English.

Another potential source of friction is the anomlous and uncomfortable fact of dual citizenship. All apanese children born in Hawaii are American citiens, of course. But they are also, by Japanese law, ubjects of the Mikado, and, unless before the age of eventeen they forswear their allegiance, subject to nilitary duty in Japan. This is a problem which an not be dealt with locally but should be solved peedily by the United States Government and apan.

Meanwhile the process of making good American itizens of the Hawaiian-born Japanese boys and girls oes steadily forward through public schools and hurches, boy scouts, girl scouts, Y. M. C. A. and . W. C. A. and the welfare work on the plantations. nd, alas, unfavorably, through the often uneducaional effect of movies which terribly misrepresent merican standards of life and conduct to audiences f Japanese and Filipinos.

Last June the graduating class of McKinley Iigh School numbered ninety-one. Of these thirtyix were Japanese, thirty-five Chinese and the reaining twenty were Korean, part-Hawaiian, and aucasian. Of the fifteen "honor graduates," eight ere Japanese, four Chinese, three Caucasian and ne Scotch-Hawaiian. A medal was presented that vening which had been competed for at a publicpeaking contest some weeks before. It is significant hat it was presented to Ernest Fujinaga, a Japanese oy. But it is still more significant that his subject ad been "My Ideal of Character," and that his ddress was a tribute to Jesus as the supreme ideal of haracter.

During my four years residence in Hawaii I have ome to feel a great *aloha* for the Japanese. They are lean, courteous, thrifty, law-abiding, intellectual, ager to learn and very appreciative of kindness and onorable treatment. I have no question that the oung Japanese born in Hawaii and educated in our public schools are growing up loyal to the best ideals of America. The Japan-born Japanese recognize very clearly that those children of theirs are in some mysterious way different and there is a deep gulf between the Hawaiian-born and the Japan-born Japanese. Two Hawaiian-born Japanese girls recently drowned themselves in the sea rather than marry Japanese-born husbands selected for them by their parents. "Japs don't know how to treat a wife any way," said a Hawaiian-born Japanese girl recently after getting a divorce. To her a husband born in Japan was a "Jap."

Of course, in event of war with Japan, Hawaii with its twenty per cent Japanese population and twenty per cent of Japanese descent would be in a very difficult situation. Just imagine what would happen in New York City if the United States got into a war with the new Irish Free State!

But if Tokyo and Washington can keep the peace, and the Disarmament Conference, by ironing out the problems of the Pacific, can hush this constant talk of war so that the young Japanese are not made self-conscious in their normal tendency to become Americanized—why then we can promise to show you in the years ahead American citizens of Japanese ancestry worthy to rank in intelligence and community spirit with any citizens of foreign ancestry upon the mainland. So you can see why we in Hawaii are anxious to hush this everlasting war talk that it may not interfere with our constructive task of training our young Japanese for American citizenship.

Those of us who are engaged in religious work believe that the fundamental thing in the salvation of Hawaii must be a common Christian faith and idealism—that religion, after all, is the cement in this concrete structure, reinforced by education and molded into form by American standards and environment.

In conclusion, how can the mainland help Hawaii? First of all by remembering that we are not an "insular possession," but a full-fledged territory and a candidate for statehood. As such we ought to receive from Congress equal treatment with the states of the mainland in such matters as appropriations for roads, education and Americanization work. Our internal revenue contributions to the Federal Government were in 1921 larger than those of Alabama or Maine, twice as large as Arkansas, Utah, or New Hampshire, and twenty times as large as those of Nevada. Why should we be left out in the cold in so many federal appropriation bills?

Second: I am sure many of our business men would say that you of the mainland can help us by remembering our peculiar racial, industrial, and climatic conditions and our isolation from sources of labor supply, and therefore allowing immigration on a somewhat different basis from that which applies to the mainland.

Third: You can send us teachers who have the real missionary spirit and no race prejudice, and thus help us in our great task of Christian Americanization. You can also support the work of the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., and American Missionary Association, thus reinforcing our own missionary efforts. A prominent Japanese passing through Hawaii recently

said: "I clearly see that your Hawaiian-born Japanese will not be Buddhists to any large extent. They ought to be Christians. But unless you redouble your efforts they are more likely to be atheists or nothing. I am not a Christian and so I can not consistently tell them they ought to be—but you ought to see to it that they are." Personally, I believe that it is inevitable that the descendants of our present Japanese and other Oriental residents will come into a larger and larger share of control of the Hawaiian Islands in every department of life and activity. If they are truly Christian and American no fair or reasonable objection can be made to such a prospect—but this generation is the one that must be Christianized.

Representative Universalists

V Mrs. Sarah Dockstader Cooper

WITH eyes that smile at you, though they can not see you, her aged and feeble body imprisoned in her little apartment, but with interest and sympathy unconfined, supported by loving arms when she would move from bed to chair or chair to bed, while the influence of the personality moves out in ever widening circles, abides one of the most powerful women in our fellowship.

"Powerful" will seem a strange adjective to describe a slight, feeble old lady, but it applies. For seventy years, with gentle hands she has touched the lives of innumerable people, and at the touch they have grown wiser and better. Having no child of her own, she has found ample room in her capacious heart for any child who needed a mother's love. And now a host of men and women, many apparently as old as she, will tell you that they date their "birth from above" from the day she began to mother them.

She was born in 1835 in Schoharie County, New York. Her father's name was Dockstader, her mother's Loucks. Get the fine flavor of those old Dutch names. John Fiske tells us that America owes much to Holland, that even the Pilgrims learned many valuable lessons from their hosts during their sojourn in the Netherlands, which they in turn brought to the New World. But the best gift of Holland to America was the Hollanders who settled in New Amsterdam, and so spread north through the Mohawk Valley. They were a sober, thrifty, industrious folk, and from them sprang many noble men and women who have contributed to our splendid history. Chauncy Depew once commenced a delightful after-dinner speech before an assembly of notables in New York with the salutation, "Good evening, Van," and half the men present shouted back, "Good evening." Sarah Dockstader was Dutch and proud of it, as she had a right to be.

When "Sally" was eighteen years old she came to New York and lived away up town among the truck gardens, on the corner of Eighth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. But even in that remote and inaccessible wilderness a young man named Washington Lafayette Cooper found her out and promptly fell in love with the little Dutch maid, as any fellow would. They were married on January 2, 1860, the anniversary of her parents' wedding, by the Rev. E. G. Brooks, then pastor of the Sixth Universalist Society in the city of New York, over which Dr. James M. Pullman afterward presided for many years. Throughout Dr. Pullman's long and fruitful ministry the Coopers were his devoted followers and earnest helpers. When Dr. Pullman left New York Mr. and Mrs. Cooper transferred their membership to the Church of the Divine Paternity, and from that day

MRS. SARAH DOCKSTADER COOPER

to this Mrs. Cooper has been one of the most generous and helpful members of that noble institution.

But all this time Mrs. Cooper was devoting herself to the work of the First Universalist Mission. It would be easier to tell what she did not do among the little people of the East Side than what she did. She taught, she visited, she even washed dirty faces and scrubbed floors. Literally she obeyed her Master's instruction, "If I have washed your feet, ye ought to wash one another's feet." No service was too humble for this fine and delicate woman. For forty years she gave herself to this work, contributing personal service as superintendent of the Industrial School, teacher in the Sunday school and friend to every one. Nor did she confine her services to this one sphere. She early became a trustee of the Chapin Home for the Aged and Infirm, and the chapel in the Home at Jamaica was solely her contribution.

With characteristic modesty she absolutely refuses to talk about her many benefactions, but she early learned that it is more blessed to give than to

receive. If her brother had not exercised a restraining hand she would probably have squandered her last penny long before this in the luxury of making some one else happy.

After fifty-one years of blessed married life her noble husband preceded her into the "other room," and since then she has found great happiness in doing in his memory the things she thinks he would approve. So she has given the Cooper Memorial Chapel to the Chapin Home, the Cooper Memorial Auditorium in the Oral and Dental College, with the condition that her children of the First Universalist Mission shall always be treated free of charge, and has endowed twelve beds in different hospitals and homes. St. Lawrence University and Tufts College have both shared in her generosity. She has given a fund of $10,000 for the support of the First Universalist Mission, and has contributed to every enterprise of our Church in the city of New York. Her most recent gift is an "Amplifier" to the Church of the Divine Paternity.

All this the writer knows. There is much more that he knows nothing about and can not find out. But this much is certain: that she has had more fun in giving money away than any one ever had in accumulating it.

And so she lies "beside the golden gateway," waiting serenely, confidently, and always with a smile on her lips, for the gate to open. For our sakes we hope that event may be long deferred, but when the gate does open and she with youth and sight renewed passes through, what a shout of welcome will go up: "Sally Dockstader has come!" "Sarah Cooper is here!" "Dear wife!" "Old friend!" "Beloved daughter!" "Teacher!" "Benefactor!" "Mother!" and foremost among all that shining multitude One who cries, "Come ye blessed, for in as much as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

The Tumult in the Churches

BRUCE BARTON writes an interesting article on "The Tumult in the Churches," in a recent issue of *Collier's*. He calls the attention of those who are alarmed at the present criticism of the Church to the fact that the tumult is not unique but rather a condition of long standing, and that the story of the first heresy trial is written in the pages of the New Testament. Furthermore, the tumult is itself an evidence of the vitality and importance of the Church. Mr. Barton does not think there is any danger that religion will perish. "Religion," he says, "is a permanent force in human experience; it is not going to pass away. But the medium through which religion finds organized expression is unquestionably destined to undergo very great changes." He urges the Church to face these changes fearlessly, to welcome them, to cultivate a scientific and experimental attitude.

One result of the tumult will be to cause a great number of people to try to think out their Christianity for themselves, a development of great value to individuals and churches alike.

"To take up the Book of Mark, the oldest of the Gospels, and read it through as a new book—as if one had never seen or heard of it before—is a very interesting and worth-while experience.

"The Puritans and their descendants worshiped Jesus as a 'Man of Sorrows' and frowned on most forms of innocent amusement. Yet he was criticised by the strict churchmen of his day because of his disregard for Sabbath regulations, because he went too often to parties and dinners, and refused to observe the stipulated ceremonies and fasts. He was an outdoor man, walking along the shores of his lake and sleeping on his mountain. He worked in a carpenter shop and must have been physically well set up. He was so friendly and so blessed with humor that little children followed him everywhere; so popular a guest that we read repeatedly that 'a certain man desired him to have dinner at his house.'

"No two people see him with the same eyes; but certainly no one who claims his fellowship ought to be content with a second-hand picture of him. I asked a great preacher once: 'What do you think of Jesus?'

"His answer had in it no reference to dogma or creed. 'This is what I think,' he said. 'If a good fairy were to appear to me and offer me any wish in the world, I would say: Let me have one evening of good conversation with Jesus of Nazareth here before the open fire. That,' said the preacher, 'would be my wish above everything else in the world.'

"Whenever I read of new theological discussions, of charges, and the threat of heresy trials, I think of that great preacher and his simple answer. To him Christianity is not a creed or a formula. It is a *friendship* with a Man so human, so interesting, so wise and kindly—yes, and so entertaining—that one would choose an evening of his companionship beyond that of any other being who ever walked this earth.

"There is in the Bible a verse which reads: 'When the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?' There can be no doubt of the answer, I think. Lives are short, but life, in its essential needs, goes on. Science widens our horizon, but the most truly scientific men are men of faith. There *will* be religion on the earth when the last trumpet sounds, but how it will find expression—whether through Sunday church services, and creeds and rituals, or in some wholly different way—this we do not know and can not tell. My own guess is that the creeds will have become much simpler, if, indeed, they have not entirely disappeared, and that, when the tumult finally ceases, those who have been most tumultuous will discover that they have not, after all, differed on the essential things.

"There is an old Buddhist poem, found and translated by Lafcadio Hearn, which I have always liked:

> "From the foot of the mountain many
> are the paths ascending in shadow,
> but from the cloudless summit all
> who climb behold the selfsame Moon."

Advertising Universalism

R. S. Kellerman

ADVERTISING, publicity, broadcasting, telling Universalism round about and abroad, is an urgent, unsolved problem before our Church to-day. It is both needed and neglected. There have been times when men ran to hear religion preached. Now they run away from it. Times were when religion was an advertisement of itself. It is a deterrent now. The old interpretation is no longer interesting. But religion abides, and Universalism abides. But only a fraction of the world knows what our church teaches. My problem is to tell them, and continue to tell them over and over, more of it and still more of it. We must advertise, we must advertise.

My plan of advertising has four successive steps. The first and second concern our own people particularly. The third and fourth are newspaper publicity and are intended for the public in general. The first and second are intended to inform our own Universalist people, active and inactive, those in the churches and such as are isolated from our church localities, of our plans, what we are doing, the Murray Lectureship, and what is being printed in pamphlet form, sermons, tracts, and reports of the boards of trustees of the various church departments. The second and fourth are advance announcements of all our conventions, associations, and other important meetings of value and of interest, and also the reporting of such meetings to the daily and weekly newspapers for publication.

First. Taking these steps as they come in order, let me say that the first step is to get a complete list of all our people, both active and inactive, such prospects as anybody may know, and such as might like to read our literature. It should not be difficult to make up this roll. Every church has its list of people who attend, who give, and who are inclined to us, and every minister has his calling list. Every state should have its complete list of all its people so as to appeal to them directly in every undertaking. And the chief publicity man should have the full and complete list of every man and woman in all our fields. We should know our people, and never omit any one in our appeals for aid nor when there is any good news for them. The lists and one general list stand first in order.

Second. There should be some organization, agency or method in every church by which we could regularly, systematically, and continuously send to every person, say once a month, some tract, sermon, address, appeal, or bit of literature that the Publishing House issues every little while. These issues are very interesting and informing. I happen to have before me three of these—"Two Men of Good Luck," by Dr. Dodge, "The A B C of Universalism," by Dr. Rose, and "Universalism," by myself, one of which might be sent out each month to all of our people. If this method were followed for a year, two years, five years, ten years, if it were to become our practise continually, always, we would have more people and they would be more active.

Along with these there might be inserts of various sorts. Why not put a little advertisement of Dr. Frank Adams' "Did Jesus Mean It?" in one of these tracts and solicit everybody to buy it? I understand that Dr. McGlauflin is writing a book on John Murray, or Good Luck, and it certainly would be good luck if everybody in all our churches were told about it in an insert in Dr. Dodge's leaflet. Perhaps he could sell 10,000 instead of one thousand.

Dr. Lowe plans a Memorial Church in Washington, and a Boys' House in Tokyo. Why should he not let every Universalist in on it every month until it is dedicated? And if the first and second steps were put in operation by every church, every minister, in every state, should he not get a lot more help? This could be by an insert in the tracts and sermons sent out.

The cost to each church would be postage only, and a fee of a nickel a month by the members of a local publicity project would do the trick. I am the self-adapted unofficial agent to start this for the state of Pennsylvania, and I have already a large list of names of the various churches. In Hop Bottom there is organized the first "publicity project," in Nicholson is the second. At the Ministers' Institute in Syracuse I was elected as the publicity agent for New York, and I will at once begin with these first and second steps.

Third. The third step is using the public press to make announcements of our gatherings, associations, conventions, the General Convention, telling our plans and projects, and telling them beforehand. All these are news and the editors like to publish the items. They are not only willing to do it but they solicit religious news, because the reading public is interested in the Church and religion and what the public-spirited minister is up to now. Every first-class minister is a first-class reporter. He is a public man, his church is a public institution, and it is self-evident that every good thing planned should be told to the public and the public be invited to assist in it.

Fourth. The fourth naturally follows on the heels of the third. It consists in reporting through the daily papers, particularly the dailies of the smaller cities, and also the weekly papers where we have local churches, what is said and done at our conventions, institutes, associations, summer gatherings and all other meetings.

Unsolicited and unappointed I undertook to notify the newspapers throughout North Carolina of the approaching Universalist Convention in September, 1922. I prepared and distributed the copy of the time, place, program and speakers of the convention, and wrote personally to the editors asking them to insert the announcements. Perhaps they all did. I know many of them did. Then in order to report the convention I wrote to the speakers to prepare briefs of their addresses, furnishing me manifold copies beforehand, that I might distribute beforehand throughout the state what the convention was saying day by day. It was of public interest, and what was worth-while for the convention to listen to was worth-while for the public to read. North

Carolina, for once at least, knew beforehand that a Universalist Convention was to be held, and they knew every morning what had been said and done the day before.

As I was making my address on "Advertising" to the ministers in Syracuse and pleading that our work be reported, Dr. Betts slipped out of the room and called up a reporter and told him to come to the church. When I got through there was the reporter. I had made a brief. I was the only minister that had made one. Immediately I was appointed reporter for the institute. The result was that the whole city of Syracuse knew that the Universalist ministers of the state were in session, and they knew what they were saying. The dailies were interested. It was news, religious news. And the people read it.

This is to be a great year for Universalism and the Universalist Church. Now, in the clash of "fundamentalism" and progress, of Bishop Manning and Dr. Grant, Bryan and the evolutionists, and the schisms and heresies in every great Orthodox Church, we have an opportunity that may not occur to us in a generation. Shall we not take advantage of it? Is not Universalism worth the effort? Let us advertise, let us advertise, and let us increase our influence and our religious usefulness by opportunities that are open to us without money and without cost.

I submit these steps as suggestions for what they are worth. I hope they will be criticised and suggestions made for greater and better publicity. I know this also, that no plan, no scheme, no program works of itself. There must be a man behind it who will push it, and urge it, and make the rift if it is possible. For my own satisfaction and for the good I can do for Universalism, for my church, and our Church in general, I keep hammering away at it, in the great hope that I can win others to the cause of great publicity of the faith once delivered to the saints.

A Challenging Opportunity

Sherwood Eddy

WE have finished our last week in China in the city of Canton. Here is a teeming population of a million and a half in the capital of a province containing thirty-five million people. The crowded narrow alleys four and five feet wide when I was here four years ago have been opened up with fifteen miles of broad, paved modern streets and buildings. Modern radical ideas are also flooding this ancient city of conservative China.

On arrival in Canton we visited the General or Military Governor Chen who overthrew the revolutionary president Sun Yat Sen. We had just seen Dr. Sun Yat Sen in Shanghai. He was driven out of Canton by the followers of General Chen and bombarded the city from his gunboats.

We conducted evangelistic meetings during the week in all parts of the city. We began with a retreat on the first day for some three hundred Christian leaders and workers who were to take part in the campaign. This was followed by daily meetings for some twelve hundred of the Christians as the working force in the campaign. Daily evangelistic meetings were conducted for leading non-Christian women of the city by my wife. Each evening meetings were held for more than a thousand non-Christian men who had been previously prepared for decision in Bible classes conducted in the Y. M. C. A. Four hundred of these men made their final decision to enter the Christian life.

Meetings were also conducted in the various colleges in the city, especially in the Canton Christian College, which is sending out Christian leaders throughout Southern China. Here one hundred and seventeen Confucian students publicly accepted Christ. A large number came out in the other colleges in the city. Evangelistic meetings were also held in the large department stores at the request of the managers. We are now on our way to Hongkong to conduct a decision meeting in a large theater for the united employees of the four principal department stores of that city. During the week more than eight hundred non-Christians, drawn largely from the student classes, took their stand publicly and entered the Christian life. These are now being prepared for admission to the church. In the closing meeting on the last night, the names of thirty churches were called out. The pastor of each church rose as his church was called and led out his group of workers and the new converts who wished to join his church to begin special classes for them. Each of the thirty churches received new converts.

Here in this city Robert Morrison opened up mission work a century ago. He was persecuted, beaten by his own servants, in peril of his life, and with the original group of his colleagues and fellow workers during a quarter of a century gained some ten converts. What a change to-day! Audiences of a thousand each were gathered here morning, afternoon and evening in various parts of the city. Eight hundred non-Christians made their open decision to enter the Christian life.

The second problem which we faced during the week was the crucial economic situation in this land which is being rapidly industrialized under the modern system. China possesses nearly three hundred million workers with the largest supply of cheap labor in the world. Little more than forty millions are gainfully employed in America. Cheap, sweated labor here menaces the labor of other nations and the world's standard of living. To help meet this industrial problem we were invited on the opening night to address some two hundred and fifty of the leaders of the city, educators, editors, manufacturers, business and professional men, both Chinese and foreign. We discussed with them the world's industrial problem and the methods of reforming the conditions now prevailing in China.

In this city we found thousands employed in child labor from seven to twelve years of age. Boys and girls are serving as apprentices for from two to four years, receiving nothing but their food. We

found laborers working from twelve to sixteen hours a day, seven days a week; often paid from $2.50 to $5 a month including their food, or from $5 to $10 a month without food. The industrial problem has suddenly become a burning issue here in China since the seamen's strike in Hongkong a year ago. China has now learned effectively to strike. Out of the eighty strikes during the last year in the city of Canton, nearly all have been won by labor. We pleaded with the leaders of the press and public opinion for the adoption of the three-fold standard which was adopted by the National Christian Conference in Shanghai! "No work for children under twelve full years of age. One day's rest in seven. The safeguarding of the health of workers by the limitation of working hours, improvement of sanitary conditions, the installation of safety devices, etc."

On the last day I was invited to meet with the leaders of eighty labor unions who had formed a local federation of labor. As we met these men and visited the factories and the homes of the poor, we were impressed by the seriousness of the situation and the desperate industrial conditions for which some remedy must be found in this land where the struggle for life is perhaps the fiercest on earth.

Let us take a few trades that are typical of the others: 1. There are 5000 workers engaged in the dyeing of cloth, receiving, for common labor, $2.50 a month and their food. They work from fourteen to sixteen hours a day, seven days a week. 2. Some 6000 textile workers receive on an average $18 a month. They also work sixteen hours a day, seven days a week. 3. The 13,000 employees in the oil business are paid an average wage of $18 a month, working nine and ten hours a day. 4. The watch and clock makers, who are now on strike, were receiving from $2.25 to $13.50 a month and their food. They were working thirteen hours a day without a day of rest. The union is unrecognized. The workers must accept the wages paid them or starve.

Let us take one or two typical factories in Canton. We visited a match factory where five hundred and fifty workers are employed, almost half of whom are children from eight to twelve years of age. They work from 5.30 a. m. to 6.15 p. m. with only two rest days a month. There in the poisonous fumes from the cheap phosphorus and chemicals the boys and girls work during the long hours for from six to eight cents a day. In another match factory where some four hundred children are employed between the ages of seven and twelve, the wages run from three to seven cents for a ten hour day. There were iron bars over the windows and the doors were locked. Like prisoners the children peeped through the bars as we passed by. Little children four and five years old are taught to sort matches and all day long they work by their mothers, who receive a cent or two for the work they do.

In a silk factory we found forty boys and girls under eight years of age working in one room. The room was stuffy and close and the air was filled with lint and dust. Babies were sitting in small boxes a foot and a half square by the side of their mothers, who were earning only ten cents a day for their work.

Can any Christian man or woman maintain that we should make no effort to change the inhuman conditions prevailing here? If this sweated labor continues and the workers toil on with no unrest or aspiration for better things it will in time menace the white race and the standard of living in Japan, America and Europe.

We must face the challenge of the vast industrial and social need of this great toiling, sweated, one-fourth of humanity. We come to China to-day with a whole gospel, not only for the moral and spiritual regeneration of the individual to give him a new heart, but to change his environment, to regenerate society, to build on earth a new social order called the Kingdom of God wherein dwelleth righteousness. Four hundred millions can not toil merely for the profit of a few employers, whether Chinese or foreign. We bear a gospel for the making of manhood, for the redemption of humanity with all its crying wrongs. China to-day presents the most appalling need and the most challenging opportunity of any nation in the world. But a new day is dawning. The leaders of the Church are awakening. China may yet become one of the greatest Christian and industrial nations of the world.

In Praise of Physicians

Daniel Evans

ST. PAUL urged upon the Christians of Rome that "they should present their bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is a reasonable service." All through the Christian centuries men and women have responded to this urging with all their hearts. They have not counted their lives dear unto themselves when some cause, or principle, or person required their sacrifice. From all ranks have come persons who matched the greatness of the moral principle of sacrifice by the greatness of their own lives.

It is good that there should be public recognition of such splendid exhibitions of sacrifice. We have rejoiced in the Carnegie and Congressional Foundations which recognize and reward persons who do some brave thing in saving human life. And men and women from all the motley ranks of our variegated democracy have received medals of honor for such deeds. As a rule these brave deeds have a more or less public character. There is the inspiration of the crowd which sustains one. This does not, however, lessen the honor of the sacrifice.

The public press has just carried a beautiful story of a man who has presented his body a living sacrifice. It is the story of a French X-ray researcher. Some years ago Dr. Charles Vaillant began his experiments with the X-ray. It has cost him one arm up to the shoulder, and the other arm to the elbow. He has given his arms as a living sacrifice in the interests of science for the welfare of his fellow human beings. And he has just received the Carnegie medal for heroism and the *cravate* of the French Legion of

Honor and the City of Paris. And our nation and the French nation have joined to do him honor.

He is the symbol of other physicians who cherish the same spirit of sacrifice. Already many X-ray operators have lost their lives to science. And the regular practitioners, in their daily service, belong to the same order of sacrifice. Their sacrificial services are not so public as those of soldiers, firemen, and sailors. For this very reason we should think of their sacrifices more often than we do. In becoming physicians, they enter a profession which requires of them a willingness at any moment to present their bodies a living sacrifice. They can not run away from dread diseases. They can not consult their convenience, nor comfort, nor health when the call comes. And when some epidemic, like the "flu," endangers the lives of people, these physicians work day and night and thousands of them collapse. And there are some daring doctors who run the risk of death by being inoculated with a new disease that they may be able to study it and find the remedy for it. And some who have been fatally infected without their intention, begin at once to diagnose their condition, study the course of the illness, write down their data, give their last ounce of strength for the sake of others.

It is well to recognize this noble profession, to appreciate the service it renders, and to honor the physicians who present their bodies a living sacrifice. These men can not come to church as often as they would like to, nor, of course, as much as other men in the community. There is not a little danger that our churches forget them for this very reason. It is our experience as patient and minister that amongst the men whom we have known well, and respected much, and admired greatly as true servants of God are the physicians of the community. They are in the great sacrificial procession, at whose head is the Physician of the Soul.

* * *

INTRODUCTION

(Easter to Easter)

Mabel I. Emerson

A year of service to thy King!
May you your heart's best off'ring bring
And lay upon His altar now,
While at His feet you rev'rent bow,
And thank Him for His love and care,
For home, for friends, for blessings rare,
That in His own appointed ways,
Have helped to hallow all thy days.

Thank Him for the crosses too,
Pause—confess they are but *few*,
Yet how *many* have been thy fears,
How many sighs, how many tears,
How burdened with care, with sin distressed,
When He was near to give thee rest!
All these upon His altar lay,
While at His feet you rev'rent pray.

A year of service to thy Lord!
May we to-day with glad accord
And fervent spirit, pledge anew
To be His children, pure and true;
To serve in faith—nor question why—
Our Risen Lord to glorify.
This vow upon His altar lay
While at His feet we rev'rent pray.

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of Resting While on the Journey

THERE is in the land called Florida a Railway, or that which is called a Railway, and its Train starteth out from New Smyrna some time in the afternoon and arriveth at Okeechobee by Special Providence. For there is One Mixed Train, or something less than that, each day. And it starteth out from the Everglades in the morning and hunteth around until it arriveth at New Smyrna, and then resteth a while and turneth around and goeth back. And if on any day it arriveth anywhere On Time, there is reason to suspect that it is Yesterday's Train.

Now there rode upon this Train a Man from Pittsburg. And he had come to Florida in search of Rest. And he was troubled because the Train was Behind Time and because the Train was not at all troubled about it. For the train stopped at Pennichaw and showed no inclination to leave. And it stopped at Pocataw and it was as if the fire had gone out in the engine. And it stopped at Holopaw and Illashaw and Yeehaw, and it liked these places all so well that it seemed loath to go on.

And at Wewahotee the Barber Shop fronteth on the Railway. And the man who was in the Barber's Chair rose up when the Train came in. And the one side of his face was shaven and the other side was lathered; and he stood in the door and greeted such men as he knew who had come in on the Train, and he made inquiry concerning each of the strangers who had likewise arrived, and he returned, he and the Barber, and finished the shave after the Train had pulled out, which was not very soon.

And the man from Pittsburg fretted and fumed. And we went on from Kolokee to Wewahotee and from Apoxsee to Lokosee and he fretted some more.

And he blasphemed against the Train and all who managed the Road because it hastened not to convey him to Okeechobee.

And I answered and said unto him, Wherefore desirest thou to get to Okeechobee?

And he said, There is where I am to rest for two weeks; and all this delay counteth out of the limited time of my vacation.

And I said, Thou wilt never be able to rest anywhere in this life. If thou didst desire Rest, there is no more perfect example of Rest than this Train. It resteth most of the time. And when it stoppeth because a Cow is on the Track wherefore shouldest thou worry whether it is the same Cow that stopped us ten miles back or some other Cow? Thou desirest Rest to be purchased by the Pound, and sent to thee in a Parcel, under a Special Delivery Stamp. And thou postponeth Rest till thou dost arrive at Okeechobee, where thou thinkest to rest while drowning Bait. But if thou wert wise, thou wouldest rest now. Thou canst never cut off larger chunks of rest than are furnished on this Train.

Now I considered this, that as it was with that man's search for Rest, so it is with many people's Quest of Happiness. They are postponing it until they are Rich or until they get to Heaven, and they may never be Rich, and some of them are not headed toward Heaven. For Heaven consisteth in the use

of such blessings as come when they come; and one may have Rest and Heaven and much else that is good, and have it as he goeth along.

* * *

CRITICISM OF SOME OF OUR EDITORIALS

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

For more than fifty years my father and I have taken the *Universalist Leader* and its predecessors. I am in most hearty accord with your editorials on page four of the issue of March 10, regarding the Russellites and the coal situation. But surely the article preceding these, entitled "The Land of the Unfree," is not written along the same line of thought. Why should those who were traitors to their own country when it was in distress be released now simply because conditions are different? By analogy, you would say the man that threatened or attempted to burn your house should be made free so that he might have an unrestricted chance to try it again. You are against the policy of the Russellites (we have them here) for seeking to annihilate the Church, but you seem to think it all right for men to attempt to annihilate their own government. It makes me sick to my stomach to read such articles.

J. E. Wilson.

Letcher, S. D.

* * *

ANOTHER FOR THE AFFIRMATIVE

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

Apropos of the letter of L. Griswold Williams, as another for the affirmative that "Jesus Meant It," please inscribe

Charlotte Chaney Morrell.

Canton, N. Y.

* * *

WHAT THE MODERN GIRL THINKS

When, after meeting over three thousand high school girls last winter in a great city, I talked for an hour or more with the officers of the various classes, I learned how it came about that the girls almost without exception were so well dressed, so wholesome, so like what one thinks of as the American girl at her best. The low-heeled shoes, the sensible short skirts, the blouses rich in color and of suitable material and good lines, were such a relief after some of the costumes seen in the shops and on the streets. The girls themselves had voted down extreme and unsuitable dress.

These earnest girls who talked with me did not use the vocabulary of the past; their ideas were not those of their grandmothers; but they showed that they had been thinking more deeply perhaps in their few years than their grandmothers had in all their lives. One of the girls objected to the statement made by a man who had recently addressed them, that girls were responsible for the behavior and standards of both themselves and their boy friends, responsible for most of the lower standards, lack of reserve and moral carelessness of to-day.

"We don't believe it," said one most attractive young girl, whose eyes flashed as she said it. "Both are to blame. Both of us are responsible. My mother lets my brother say things and do things that she would not permit me for one moment to do, and they are really as wrong for him as for me. She does not want me to go off with another boy and girl on an automobile ride and come home late, but she lets him, and he doesn't go alone; he goes with some other girl. Mother doesn't seem to care about that girl; she just doesn't want it to be me. I don't think it's right. I think boys' fathers and mothers should say 'no' just the same as they do for girls."

"Doris is right," interrupted another girl. "She is dead right. People who talk to us and who make the rules should tell us we have both got to be different. The principal of D— high school for girls where my cousin goes has two sons of his own. They are the limit. I wouldn't ever go anywhere with the older one again. And the principal talks all the time to the girls about what they must do and be and he lets those boys do everything. It's not fair and it won't help us to help the boys, either."

"Well," I replied, after much more had been said, "you are talking about a very old subject, about what men and women have called for years a 'single standard,' one set of rules and ideals for both men and women. That's what you believe in, is it?"

"Yes," they cried, in chorus.

"I suppose," I said, "that it is the demand for one standard that makes girls to-day insist upon voting, swimming, playing golf, driving motor buses, learning to be architects, and engineers judges, preachers, and politicians, carrying a cane, smoking cigarettes, drinking and a thousand other things."

"Yes," said one of the girls very seriously, "we really have the same right as the boys to do any of these things."

"If I grant you that," I said, "grant you that you share the right, will you promise me something? Will you promise me that in proving your right to the same privileges as the boys, in trying to prove that you have no more responsibility for the welfare of society than they, in demanding just one standard for behavior, will you promise me to prove your right by taking the highest standards of the best type of men and boys, not the lower standards? If you will, and if you will promise me that years from now when you hold your own little sons in your arms you will teach them from the very moment they can learn anything, that there is to be one standard, and that a high one, then I can feel absolutely certain that the world will be safe and that it can work out its problems. With boys and girls together accepting responsibility, with both determined to maintain high standards, we shall see the whole world successfully fighting its way to clean, pure, sensible living, which will bring happiness."—*Margaret Slattery.*

* * *

A CABLEGRAM FROM CONSTANTINOPLE

March 14, 1923.

Vickrey, N. Y.

To-day's shipload of exiles from Asiatic Turkey increased to 32,000 the total number of refugees now at Constantinople. Sick, destitute and without food, clothing or homes to go to, they present a tremendous relief problem calling for prompt energetic action if they are not all to perish.

Constantinople is menaced by the worst epidemic of diseases in its tragic history. Near East Relief has gone to their assistance with American doctors, nurses, medicines, foodstuffs and clothing, thus assuming a new responsibility severely taxing its limited resources.

In the harbor, crowded with twenty-one warships of seven different nations, are four refugee ships crammed with deportees from Asia Minor, who have waited for days to be landed. Ashore, at eleven different places along the beautiful Bosporus, earlier arrivals are huddled together in windowless, doorless, leaky buildings, under conditions beyond description. Afloat and ashore, smallpox, typhus, dysentery and pneumonia go unchecked. Yesterday's death toll in Bosporus camps was seventy-two. Weakened by days of travel, by wagon and on foot from interior Anatolia to the Black Sea ports, Trebizonde and Samsoun, these wretched people fall easy victims to disease. Many of those who survived their march of terror to the sea died on shipboard and 60 per cent of those who lived through the voyage on filthy, crowded ships, were diseased on arrival here. On one ship 200 died out of 2500, and Dr. Wilfred Post of Princeton called it a "Black Hole of Calcutta."

Jaquith.

Home and Children

EASTER LILIES

Isabel Sidnam

No lilies bloomed above the place
Where our dear Lord was laid away;
But how the Easter lilies grace
His Resurrection Day!

O lily bells, I almost hear you ringing
The joyful message of the Easter Day—
Echoing songs the Heavenly Hosts are singing,
So softly sweet because so far away!

O snowy blooms, I almost smell your sweetness,
The fragrance of the robes the saintly wear,
When their earth life has rounded to completeness,
Their home become the Many Mansions fair.

O spirit flowers, I almost hear your story
Of your emergence from a darksome past
Into a springtime life of light and glory,
So shall each soul come to its own at last!

No lilies bloomed above the place
Where our dear Lord was laid away;
But how the Easter lilies grace
His Resurrection Day!

* * *

BIDDY BROWN'S EGG

DAVID thought the world of Biddy Brown, the hen that was his particular property. She was a pretty little hen, and she had a gay song that she sang most of the time. "After a while she will begin to supply you with eggs," David's mother said.

David waited eagerly for the eggs. He knew just what he would do with them. Sometimes the family would have them for breakfast, sometimes he would give his mother some to make cake with, and sometimes he would take a few down to Little Mary's store and exchange them for big squares of molasses candy.

Little Mary was old and bent but cheerful. She sold homemade taffy and peppermint drops, and also pins and needles, tape and buttons and many funny little toys. Whenever any one opened the door a bell tinkled in the back room, and then Little Mary would come hobbling in with a smile to find out what was wanted. David loved her store, though he rarely had any money to spend there. "Never mind," he said to himself, "when my Biddy Brown begins to lay I shall be a good customer of Little Mary's."

So he watched Biddy Brown and gave her plenty of yellow corn and fresh water and made her a tempting nest of clean straw in the unused manger at the barn. But she took her time; weeks went by, and still there were no eggs for David.

One day just before Easter David, on his way to the grocer's, stopped short to stare into Little Mary's window, which was full of Easter things; there were fluffy chickens and ducks, woolly white rabbits with pink eyes and cotton rabbits chewing at yellow cotton carrots. But of all the attractive gifts the thing that specially took David's eyes was a cunning little rabbit drawing a tiny wagon full of colored candy eggs.

"Whee!" whistled David to himself. "I know Buster would like that."

Buster was David's little brother; he had been sick a long time and was just beginning to sit up. David knew just how his eyes would shine at the sight of that bunny with the wagon.

"But my bank is empty, and so are my pockets," David thought. Still, he went into Little Mary's store and asked the price of the rabbit and cart.

"Five cents," Little Mary said, and David went out.

But he kept on thinking about that little rabbit and cart; he wanted Buster to have it for Easter.

That afternoon there was a great cackling down at the barn and David went running. O joy, there in the straw lay a lovely pinkish brown egg! Biddy Brown strutted up and down the yard, calling loudly in her pride.

"I will color it for you for Easter," David's mother said when, as proud as Biddy, David brought the egg in.

But between the barn and the kitchen David had thought of something. "No, thank you, mother," he said. "I'm going to use this egg for something else."

Then he set off for Little Mary's store.

As he walked down the smooth road he turned the egg over and over. "It's the very first one," he said, "and so I believe I'll put a mark on it."

So he pulled a stubby little pencil out of his pocket and wrote on it in sharp black letters, "B. B." "There, that stands for Biddy Brown," he said. Then he went on down the road and opened the door of the shop and set the bell to jingling.

"How much are eggs?" David asked, when Little Mary came in smiling.

"Sixty cents a dozen," said Little Mary.

David did some calculating. "Then they are five cents apiece," he said at last. "Will you take an egg in exchange for that rabbit with the candy cart?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Little Mary with a cheerful nod. "Then I shall have a fresh egg for my breakfast."

She took the brown egg and put the rabbit with the cart into a paper bag and gave it to David, who hurried home and hid his treasure.

Little Mary put the egg into a bowl that sat on her shelf and went on with her work. Late that afternoon a little girl opened the door. "Jingle, jingle," rang the bell, and Little Mary hobbled in to answer it.

"Mother says she must have some extra eggs," the little girl told her. "She thought perhaps you might have a few that you would sell to her."

"I happen to have one," said Little Mary. "She may have that."

She put the brown egg into a paper bag and handed it to the little girl.

Now the little girl, whose name was Effie, did not go straight home. Instead she took a long way round, because she wanted to see the mill wheel turning. On the long way she met another girl and stopped to talk with her.

When she reached home at last her mother said, "You are too late, Effie, I had to finish my cake without the extra egg." She put the little brown egg away in the pantry.

Next morning a neighbor knocked at the door of Effie's house. "Oh, can you lend me an egg?" she asked Effie's mother. "I had just the right number of eggs to color for my Sunday-school class, and one of them fell and broke. Eggs are scarce now. Have you a single one that you could let me have?"

Effie's mother was quite willing to let her neighbor have the little brown egg. The neighbor took it home and pricked a hole in each end and blew out the yolk and the white. Then she colored the shell a beautiful bright green and filled it with very small candy drops. After that she stopped up the little holes with sealing wax.

When Easter morning came Buster shouted with joy over his rabbit and candy cart. He was so happy that David no longer minded having given up Biddy Brown's first egg, but went singing to Sunday school.

After the Sunday school service all the teachers gave their pupils colored eggs. David's teacher handed her basket round to the class and told the boys to take their choice.

There were seven eggs—blue, pink, yellow, purple, green, scarlet and orange. David chose green, his favorite color.

When he reached home he showed it to his mother. "See, I have an egg after all," he said. He turned the egg round in his hand and then he cried, "Mother, look!"

There, faint but still plainly to be read through the green, were two letters, "B. B."

"Well, I never!" said David. "It's my own egg come back to me! I'm going straight out to show it to Biddy Brown."

Out he went, and when Biddy Brown saw him she began to sing a pleasant little tune.

David held up the egg. "Look!" he said.

But Biddy was not interested in green eggs, and so she went on singing.—*Eleanor Fairchild Pease, in Youth's Companion.*

* * *

ASKING A BLESSING

John is a small boy, youngest of a minister's family.

As a punishment for some misdemeanor at the table, it was decided that John must not eat with the family at the next meal.

So his dinner was placed on a small table at the end of the dining room.

When all were seated, the minister said:

"Now, John, you should ask a blessing before you eat."

This was a new duty to John, but he bowed his head and said reverently:

"Our Father in heaven: thou preparest a table for me in the presence of mine enemies. Thanks for the food. Amen."—*Columbia State.*

* * *

NOT GETTING HIS MONEY'S WORTH

Freddie came out of the candy shop with a big lollipop proudly desplayed in his fist.

"What ye got?" asked his friend Ernest.

"An all-day sucker," replied Freddie.

"Aw, what's the use? It's five o'clock now!"—*Youth's Companion.*

AN EASTER MADRIGAL

Easter-glow and Easter-gleam!
Lyric laughter from the stream
That between its banks so long
Murmured such a cheerless song;
Stirrings faint and fine and thin
Every woodsy place within;
Root and tendril, bough and bole,
Rousing with a throb of soul;
The old ecstasy awake
In the briar and the brake;
Blue-bird raptures—dip and run—
And the robin-antiphon;
Tingling air and trembling earth
And the crystal cup of mirth,
Brimmed and lifted to the lip
For each one of us to sip.
Dream? 'Tis something more than dream—
Easter-glow and Easter-gleam!
Prescience 'tis, and prophecy
Of the wonder that shall be
When the spirit leaps to light
After death's hiemal night!

Clinton Scollard.

* * *

IF YOU ARE QUEER—AND KNOW IT

We might as well begin with a classic:

"Rebecca," said the aged Quaker to his wife, as they sat by their peaceful fireside, "Everybody is queer but thee and me, and even thee is a little queer, Rebecca."

George Bernard Shaw tells of going to an oculist who informed him that his eyes were normal.

"Just average, I suppose, like almost everybody," said Mr. Shaw.

"On the contrary," replied the other, "normal eyesight is extremely rare."

Consider it as a question of health, mere ordinary good health. How many persons do you know who are steadily well, as compared with those who have something the matter with them? The variety of disorders and diseases which distinguish us are innumerable. Queer? The queerest person would seem to be one who isn't.

Hardly any one has a perfectly symmetrical face, or a body free from blemishes of any sort. That is on the outside—as to our insides, no one knows how queer they are till it comes to the autopsy.

But the kind of queerness on which this discussion rests is undoubtedly that of the mind, of character. A crooked nose is too common to talk about, or one eyebrow higher than the other; but the person whose mind is "different" has a hard time.

Our schools are rigidly arranged for a sort of "average" child, and woe unto those who are above, below or aside from the average. They do not know they are queer, poor dears, nor do the teachers know it, so the "odd" child is pulled ahead, or pushed back, or dragged into line, criticised, ridiculed and punished, when he or she could have been both happy and progressive with wise recognition of personal differences.

If the queer child lives through it, lives to grow up and be a queer man or woman, the difficulties increase; in some ways it is harder for the woman, in others for the man. A girl who is "different" from the others is pretty sure to be a wallflower. Young men are conservative creatures, they like the girls they go with to be admired by the other men, to be "correct" in dress and behavior.

If it is "the thing" to exhibit bare knees and a bare back and an almost bare front, but fairly scandalous to show bare ears, then every girl must cover those unmentionable appendages or be thought "queer." The queer girl is not likely to marry, and marriage is still considered the best job on the market, by most girls. If they like it they can hold it down, and if they do

ot like it—why, marriage is the only job from which you can esign and still draw pay.

Failing of marriage, the queer girl finds it hard to get ther employment. Girls in business must dress well and fashnably, must do as others do, in order to get on. If marriage by happy chance secured, and the universal business of "keepng house" and "raising children" undertaken, alas for the oman whose methods differ from her neighbor's. She will be talked about" with a relish and her peculiarities, no matter ow good and useful they may be, will be adversely criticised.

But for the man who is queer the prospect is most serious. is queerness must amount to genius, and he must have the bility to make his genius recognized, before he can surmount is handicap. If he is a workman, with or without a collar, he ill find that employers are as conventional as school teachers, not more so.

We recognize something of the difficulties of the square an trying to fit into the round hole, but how if he is a triangular man? Or polygonal?

The disadvantages of being queer are apparent enough, ut why complain? The disadvantages are here and we are ere, and most of us *are* queer—what are we going to do about it?

. . . . . .

If you chance to be a fatalist there is no more to be said. fatalist can do nothing but what he has to do, what he is orced to do by the combined power of heredity and environment. f course if the fatalist once got it into his head that the preure of circumstances was really driving him to superhuman fforts at improvement, that it was his fate to change—why, hen we might expect great things of him. But fatalism does ot affect people that way.

The fatalist usually takes it lying down.

"I am what I am," he says. "It is no fault of mine, nor is a credit to me. It is fate." No use talking to him, whether e is queer and knows it, or queer and doesn't know it; or even he is plain ordinary.

. . . . . .

For real improvement, for some light on how to become n agreeable person when you were a disgreeable, or a useful erson when you were a useless one, we have small assistance.

Yet "human nature" is no sacred mystery. The behavior f people is before us all the time, as open as the day. "He's s queer as Dick's hatband," we say, and if we care to take the rouble we can write down on one sheet of paper what he does hich makes us call him queer. Try that test on yourself.

If you are queer, and know it, and desire to be less so, take our pen in hand and enumerate your eccentricities. If you nd it hard to, alone, any kind friend will help you out, or even n enemy. Then cast a dispassionate eye upon the list and see there are not some characteristics you think you might spare— r at least restrain.

Of course if you are so eminent in some ways that you can fford to be queer in others, you may go on your way rejoicing, hether your friends and associates rejoice or not. We have ad many great men who were queer and let it go at that. iographers delight in such peculiarities. But a plain ordinary erson with a living to earn has no such leeway in behavior.

There are several varieties of being queer. One is plain oughtlessness, or, as we solemnly call it, absence of mind. e the pleasant tale of the tired business man regarding two rings tied around two separate fingers. "One of those is to y coffee," said he perplexedly, "and the other is to pay the surance policy—and I'll be hanged if I can remember which is hich!" The great Mommsen, world authority on Roman risprudence, was absent-minded beyond belief. At one time he ld a seat in the Reichsrath, and sat there deep in thought. ismarck rose in all his majesty and was making a speech. The arned professor, sunk in his meditations, imagined himself the class-room, and called out sharply, "Less noise there you please!" Being somewhat discomfited by this very public roof of his unfortunate infirmity, he decided to resign his seat.

Thoreau was queer, very queer. He didn't try to get over it. Not being able to live comfortably with other people he went off and lived with himself.

There was an eminent and in many ways estimable lady of the past century who was so queer that—well, it may have been merely a coincidence, but her husband was a missionary in India.

"Why does not Mrs. Dall go to India?" some one asked, and the answer was, "Where would Mr. Dall go?"

. . . . . .

It is easy to give way to being queer, even to be rather proud of it, and to assume the condition to be incurable. People talk of such and such qualities as being their "nature" as if nature was a sort of fixed affair, impossible to change. Whereas nature has been changing ever since it started, one form of life turning into another in every imaginable shape, size and quality.

Let the queer person who knows it and does not like it, who wants to be less queer, study his case. It may be this absent-mindedness we have spoken of. It may be simply self-indulgence in some peculiar habit which is disagreeable to other people; it may be a real lack of some quality which is necessary in order to succeed.

In some cases the difficulty may be so deep-seated that it can not be wholly overcome. A person who is really incurably queer, and can not help it, yet not a candidate for the asylum, ought to try to make up for being a nuisance in some ways by extra obligingness in others. There are some queer persons of this sort who are better than many of the average kind.

But with all our growing knowledge of mental analysis and auto-suggestion most people who are queer and know it, and who have sense enough to wish to improve their condition, can do so.

Bearing in mind that the only measure of value in a human being is his or her usefulness to the others, it is a very queer person indeed who can not be sufficiently serviceable and agreeable in some ways to make up for a good deal of eccentricity in others.—*Charlotte Perkins Gilman, in Survey.*

* * *

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

Senator Love, of Brooklyn, has a great idea. He would by state law compel the ringing of bells, both church and fire, on the morning of primary day, "to arouse the people to the danger of nominating the wrong candidates for office."

This is too fine a notion to be limited to primary days. Let the public be reminded, with bells and whistles and booming of cannon, of other important events.

March 15.—Salute of twenty-three guns, fired at the Custom House: Last day to file income-tax reports.

April 7.—Gentle tinkle of church bells, imitating a burbling brook: Beginning of the trout season.

April 15 and October 15.—Joyous peal from every tower: Coupon day for Fourth 4 1-4 Liberty Bonds.

April 18.—Fanfare of trumpets from every tall building: Opening day for Babe Ruth.

May 1.—Mournful tolling of City Hall bell: Taxes due.

November 15.—Synchronous ringing of all fire alarms: Christmas shopping begins.

The city ought to have more symbolic noises than the roar of the Elevated and the rows of the Board of Estimate.—*New York Herald.*

* * *

SHE SCORED AT LAST

Margery's school reports weren't very good, so her father said, "The first time you get a hundred I'll give you a dollar."

Time went by and the reward could not be claimed. Then one day the child was taken ill. When the doctor had gone, she asked, "Mamma, am I very sick?"

"No, dear, your temperature is a little over a hundred, but the doctor thinks you'll be better to-morrow."

Margery's face lighted up.

"Then, mamma, I can have my dollar, can't I? Papa said he's give it to me if I got a hundred in anything."—*Boston Transcript.*

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

April 1. Morning, Chelsea, Mass.
April 15. Attica, Ohio.

* *

GO TO MUNCIE

(A letter written to Irving Foote, of Washington, D. C., chairman of the Convention Advertising Committee, and published in *Onward*, but containing suggestions which every church should heed.)

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear "Irving:"

Enthusiasm is the gas in the motor. When the supply is exhausted the engine "goes dead."

A church without enthusiasm is hopelessly stalled.

Church fathers everywhere are eagerly seeking some means of ensuring an adequate supply of this essential power.

It is right at hand. A national convention affords a great "service station" where depleted stocks of enthusiasm may be replenished.

Unfortunately the announcement of a convention leaves many church folks absolutely cold.

They are from Missouri. They must be shown. But the only way to show them is at the place where the "show" itself is being staged.

I would that the whole congregation of every church might be set down in the midst of the Muncie Convention.

At least every church should send a bunch of its best young people. If the local Union can not finance the proposition then let the parish organization supply the funds.

It will be the best investment you can make. The snap, the zest, the "pep" these young folks will bring back will start the home motor humming and at once the church will develop "some speed."

H. E. Benton.

* *

CHANGING CHARITY

In the book referred to last week, "The Great Metropolis," by Junius Henri Brown, there is a passage which affords food for thought regarding our changing attitude toward many kinds of humanitarian work and indeed toward the obligations of possession. In a chapter dealing with "Society" the author says:

"Fifth Avenue and Gramercy Park are not so far from the Five Points and the Fourth Ward as is generally supposed. Out of carved doorways and down stately staircases go elaborately dressed messengers of charity, and silken purses are unloosed by jeweled fingers to bestow alms to the needy and succor to the distressed."

It is that kind of charity which has brought the word, and even the thing itself, into disrepute. Jeweled fingers bestowing alms is only a little better than to "fling him a piece of gold in scorn." Only rarely in cases like these does the giver give himself with his gift.

Starved bodies and souls will sometimes accept that sort of charity as a little better than death, but that is about as far as it goes. No wonder there has arisen a great cry, "Not charity, but justice."

But the greater change has come over those who give; at least the change is beginning. The fact that the word "alms" has nearly gone out of use is significant. "Charity" is about to go. These changes in vocabulary are indicative of a changing motive. There is a growing sense of social obligation to those who are in distress, whatever may be the cause of their situation. That means that there is less of a feeling of giving what is mine to give or to withhold as I may please, and more of a realization of trusteeship for possessions. If the present organization of society has enabled me to secure plenty or more than that for myself, and has denied that opportunity to others, I am not free to equalize the injustice or not as I may choose. There is a duty which can not be escaped; the same kind of a duty which rested upon us during liberty loan and war chest drives.

Out of this changing attitude there will gradually grow a sense of stewardship, perhaps of Christian Stewardship, when each of us shall use for the common good that which has come to us, in the last analysis, from the Father of us all.

* *

WHAT HAPPENED IN STOUGHTON

"We are having a very difficult time to find any one to be president of the Mission Circle for this next year," was a remark made by a member of the nominating committee of that organization on the occasion of my recent visit to Stoughton. The reason was that Mrs. Curtis had been such an excellent presiding officer for several years that no one was willing to follow her and try to do as well.

Years ago, when the Y. P. C. U. was organized in Stoughton, Mrs. Curtis was its first president. That is the way the Union has in the past and is now training the young people of the church for leadership, both in local Church organizations and in denominational positions.

Stanley Manning,
Director of Young People's Work.
Boston, March 19.

For the Quiet Hour

Great Thinkers on the Bible

The English Bible, a book, which, if everything else in our language should perish, would alone suffice to show the whole extent of its beauty and power.

Macaulay.

The Bible is the one book that no intelligent person, who wishes to come into contact with the world of thought and to share the ideas of the great minds of the Christian era, can afford to be ignorant of. All modern literature and art are permeated with it.

Charles Dudley Warner.

From the time that, at my mother's feet or on my father's knee, I learned to lisp verses from the sacred writings, they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation. If there be anything in my style or thoughts to commend, the credit is due to my kind parents for instilling into my mind an early love of the Scriptures.

Daniel Webster.

All that I have taught of art, everything that I have written, whatever greatness there has been in any thoughts of mine, whatever I have done in my life, was simply due to the fact that when I was a child my mother daily read with me a part of the Bible and daily made me learn a part of it by heart.

John Ruskin.

The Bible is a book worth more than all others printed.

Patrick Henry.

The New Testament is the very best book that ever was or will be known in the world.

Charles Dickens.

The Bible is the only book for thinkers, readers, scholars, speakers, men, women and children; if we can have only one book, O save us that.

Joseph H. Choate.

All books have their use. But the most indispensable, the most useful, and the one whose knowledge is most effective, is the Bible. There is no book from which more valuable lessons can be learned.

Charles A. Dana.

I am profitably engaged in reading the Bible. Take all the book upon reason that you can and the balance on faith, and you will live and die a better man.

Lincoln.

The Bible is the truest utterance that ever came by alphabetic letters from the soul of man, through which, as through a window divinely opened, all men can look into the stillness of eternity, and discern in glimpses their far-distant, long forgotten Home.

Carlyle.

We account the Holy Scriptures to be the most sublime philosophy. There are more sure marks of authenticity in the Bible than in any profane history whatsoever.

Sir Isaac Newton.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

NEWNESS OF LIFE

Like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. Rom. 6 : 4.

"O God, our Father, help us to celebrate with glad offerings of praise the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, and grant that with him we may rise to newness of life."

The most convincing proof of Christ's resurrection is the "newness of life" manifested by those who believed in him. He had gathered his disciples from the ranks of commonplace men—not very wise, none of them noble, all of them bound by the narrow prejudices of Judaism. He had led them through Samaria and shown them that these hereditary enemies were capable of receiving his teaching. He had taken them outside of Jewry and, in direct contact with the Gentile world, had given them his ideas of universal brotherhood and an all-inclusive kingdom. Apparently all this teaching had made little impression. These men were still narrow-minded Jews, quarreling about first place, suspicious of all who could not pronounce their shibboleths. When the arrest and crucifixion of Jesus made certain the defeat of their hopes for a worldly kingdom, they were overwhelmed with fear and despair.

Then came the first Easter dawn, and these men were convinced that their Leader was alive, triumphant and not defeated, and that their work as disciples had just begun. In surprising fashion, they threw off their narrow prejudices. Great words were ringing in their ears. "Go ye into all the world." "Witness unto the uttermost part of the earth." With high courage they set out to obey these commands and with each new experience, their horizons broadened. These men who had belonged to a narrow, provincial sect, became the founders of the Christian Church with its world-wide message. Just a small group, but they were the salt of the earth.

Narrowness, selfishness, bigotry—these have always been the arch-enemies of man's best life. But in every age there have been small groups who, like the Christians of the first century, have heard Christ's ringing words: "Into all the world," "Witnesses unto the uttermost part of the earth." It is this missionary vision that gives "newness of life." To get rid of prejudice, to see the needs of others, to understand that all we have ought to be shared with those who have less, to know that Christ came to establish a universal kingdom of righteousness and peace—these are the essentials of the missionary vision. Where that vision is, there results a new type of life.

It may send one to a remote corner of the earth to tell the story of the gospel, to build hospitals or found schools. It may teach us to practise neighborliness and demonstrate brotherhood in the very place where we live. It may manifest itself as evangelism or philanthropy, or social service, but always it produces a new type of life—not selfish but generous, not narrow but broad, not self-centered but with world-wide sympathies.

We have seen this vision come to individuals. In some way they have learned that Christ is not a dead Saviour to read about in a book, to confess in a creed, but a living Leader calling us to service to our fellow men. Their very faces have been transformed as they have entered upon a new life of usefulness. We have seen the vision come to a church. Under some inspiring leadership they have learned that a church exists not for the pleasure of its members, but to serve the needs of the world. Setting themselves to this task of service, their own joy and prosperity increase manyfold.

This missionary vision, given by the risen Christ, made world leaders out of a group of commonplace men. May such a "newness of life" come to us all!

A. Gertrude Earle.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

AN OPPORTUNITY TO HELP

Many of our Sunday schools have left over material from Sunday to Sunday. Pupils are absent, so there are unused *Myrtles*, primary lessons, and pictures. Here is where you can help the Junior Home Department-at-Large, and do it without extra expense, save the postage for mailing. I assure you it will be greatly appreciated. Mail to Rev. Sara L. Stoner, Box 236, Prospect, Ohio.

* *

WHO WAS CANAAN?

The traveler has opportunity to pick up a good deal of interesting (and surprising) information. For instance, I heard something the other day about Canaan that was quite new to me. We were approaching Canaan, Conn., and a company of actors were much interested in the name, which many of them said they had heard before. One proud speaker took his fellow Thespians to task for their ignorance of the Bible, saying that he read the book every day of his life. "Then who was this man, Canaan?" he was challenged. "Why, haven't you ever heard of him? He was one of the sons of Noah and he was killed by his brother, Abel!"

* *

AN IDEA FROM INDIANA

President Mock of the Indiana Association is a man fertile in thought and energetic in action. He has a good plan that is being used in connection with the all-day rallies that are being held in various parts of the state. A likely young teacher secures a book from the Loan Library, studies it, forms conclusions regarding the contents, and then writes a paper upon it. Thus many workers get in a vital way the information and inspiration acquired by one. There is lively discussion, which doubles the value of the plan.

An example of this work was given at the Oaklandon rally, when Miss Olive Eaks, one of our very promising young teachers, gave a review of "The Teaching of Religion," and led a round table conference. Here is a suggestion for other states.

* *

WHAT SUNDAY SCHOOL MEANS TO ME. I.

The First of a Series of Letters Written by Young Children and Quite Profitable and Enlightening for Their Elders

Church of the Messiah,
Philadelphia, Pa.

In answer to your request that children in the Sunday schools write on the subject "What Sunday School Means to Me," I am sending you the following.

The Sunday school means a great deal to any one who wishes the betterment of conditions of society. It teaches one about the Bible which is instructive in the beautiful religion, Christianity. It is a source of pleasant and good companionship.

Sunday school plays an important part in every one's life. All over the country they are working for charity. It therefore affords a sure means of helping the poor and starving in less fortunate countries than ours. Sunday school also helps us to live better by showing up the good in the characters of the men in the Bible whom we revere and imitate.

Ellis Warren Cooke (13 *years*).

* *

GLASGOW, 1924

The preliminary announcements of the ninth World Sunday School Convention, which will be held in Scotland in June, 1924, are at hand. A great gathering, with an unprecedented program, is in prospect.

We will confide something. Any good-looking and well-behaved Universalist, who will volunteer to go and pay his own expenses, is likely to receive the badge and blessing of the General Sunday School Association. Who will represent us?

Among Our Churches

Maine Letter

One of the most widely representative mid-winter meetings ever held in Maine was the Annual Convention of the Maine Chapter of Comrades which convened at the Congress Square Church in Portland. More than thirty churches were represented by either a layman or minister and in some cases by both. The Comrades presented us with a finely arranged program, on an advertising sheet of several pages. (The advertising more than paid for the programs.) It is evident that the Comrade movement is taking a deep root which is bound to show a large growth in the near future. Mr. Robert L. Whitcomb of Portland was elected president for the ensuing year, Dr. E. N. Witham of Westbrook vice-president, Mr. Randolph Comee of Brunswick secretary, and Mr. Harry Vose of Waterville treasurer. The Comrades were given a full account of the origin, purpose, plans and proposals of the Washington Memorial and the Perin-Cate Home by Dr. Lowe. There may have come to the meeting some who doubted the wisdom of the Washington Memorial and our ability to carry out such a stupendous plan, but after hearing Dr. Lowe we were all convinced as to the wisdom and the assured success of the projects. The fine co-operative and enthusiastic spirit of this meeting was carried on to the banquet held in the evening at the Congress Square Hotel. The success of the plan is now in the hands of the people. We are going to do our part. * * Rev. Mary A. Hadley of Hallowell has been engaged by the State Convention to visit the dormant and semi-dormant parishes of the state. We are desirous of finding out the local conditions of these parishes and obtaining new information of their needs. Mrs. Hadley will also work in the interest of the Washington Memorial and the Perin-Cate Home Campaign. * * Mr. George E. Vose has been obliged to resign from his office as president of the State Convention because of the pressure of his business. It was with much regret that the board accepted his resignation. Mr. Vose brought to the Board and the Convention a splendid spirit of optimism, vigor, and business ideals as well as unbounded faith in his church. Rev. Charles Knickerbocker, of Waterville, was appointed to the vacancy. * * Three very prominent men have been summoned by the white angel. Major Frank B. Cummings of the Congress Square Church, Rev. J. H. Little of Bethel, and Comrade Lewis L. Peck of Lewiston. Major Cummings was a Sunday school enthusiast. His work as a Sunday school leader in the Congress Square Church and in Portland won for him state-wide recognition both in our denomination and in interdenominational circles. Rev. J. H. Little was the dean of the ministerial forces of Maine. His was the spirit of youth, the wisdom of maturity, the faith of the fathers and the vision of the prophet. His long life was rich in service, loyalty and devotion. Comrade Lewis L. Peck was the first president of the Maine Chapter of Comrades and he surrendered his work only when it was impossible for his body to continue. Many a Maine local chapter came into existence through the spirit and enthusiasm of Comrade Peck. He has been cut off in the prime of his life. These three leaders of our faith will be greatly missed, but their unselfish service has contributed greatly to the life of the church and the good of humanity. * * The next session of the State Convention will be held in Rockland, the last week in September. Every department of the state is aiming to make Rockland 1923 a great convention. * * **Ministerial Changes and Church News.**—Rev. Mary A. Hadley has concluded her labors at Hallowell. The church will be closed for a few weeks, at least, due to the scarcity of fuel and to the need of repairs on the heating plant. Mrs. Hadley supplied at Warren in the Congregational Church for two Sundays. * * Rev. Charles H. Temple concludes his pastorate at Biddeford April first. Under his leadership the Biddeford church has gone steadily ahead. The church will lose no time in choosing a new pastor. * * Kingfield is to hear candidates soon. * * Bethel is looking for a minister. * * Oakfield is prospering under the leadership of Rev. Klaas Oosterhuis. In this northern field our faith has to struggle for its existence and much of the work is of the pioneer type of presenting Universalism. There are several places in the great north country for our message. * * Guilford-Sangerville are enjoying a period of prosperity under the leadership of Rev. Merrill C. Ward. At Sangerville there has been a splendid rally of the young people. Here is a field where the church can exert a great influence. Several new pupils have been added to the Guilford Sunday school. * * Yarmouth has been steadily but quietly growing. The interest in the church has steadily increased. Rev. C. L. Eaton is working out a unique problem in a most satisfactory way. * * The annual meeting at Gardiner was held March 6. A large number were present to enjoy the supper and to attend to the business. The reports showed the parish well organized and in a healthy condition. During the Lenten season special Lenten services have been held each Wednesday evening and community vesper services each Sunday afternoon. * * The Oakland church has made steady progress. The parish has provided a nine room flat in the parish house for its minister. Oakland now has one of the most complete plants in the state, a fine church, a well equipped parish house and a good home for its minister. The Rev. Milton C. Bennett is gradually bringing about a well organized parish. In a little over a year the church school has grown from dormancy to a school of over a hundred in attendance. A troop of Boy Scouts has been organized, also a Y. P. C. U. and a Mission Circle. The opening services have been particularly successful, a large chorus choir and an orchestra of twelve pieces greatly assisting in the services. * * The two sets of slides sent by the General Convention to Maine will be under the supervision and management of Rev. Harry Shook of Brunswick. These stereopticon lectures have been prepared with the greatest care. They show the city of Washington, our National Capital. They can be had for the asking. Every church in Maine will want to use these slides, therefore write early to Mr. Shook and secure your date for this lecture. Some churches will want to use these on a week-day night. If you have not a lantern it may be possible to obtain the use of one through Mr. Shook. * * The state secretary's office should have more equipment. It needs a safe to protect the records of the convention. Possibly some one would like to give the convention a safe, or some one may have one which they will be glad to sell to the convention at a reduced price. The secretary would like to hear from any one concerning this matter.

Milo G. Folsom.

Church News and Interests

California

Pasadena.—Rev. Carl F. Henry, pastor. On Sunday, March 11, services were held in the new parish house, which is now fit for occupancy although not completely finished. At the Sunday school session Ralph W. Jacoby, superintendent of the Los Angeles Sunday school, extended congratulations. At the morning service the pastor spoke of the vital necessity of giving the children a religious education and emphasized the fact that the new parish house is admirably equipped for just such educational work. In the evening there was a meeting of the Y. P. C. U., with the largest attendance in the history of the church. A large number of the Los Angeles young people were present as guests and the interest of the meeting was greatly enhanced by congratulatory addresses by Dr. Nash and Dr. Canfield. The people are delighted with the new building and the large assembly room seems to be acoustically perfect.

Connecticut

Norwich.—Rev. A. N. Foster, pastor. The Sunday congregations show a steady and gratifying increase of numbers. The pastor has completed a series of sermons on the subject, "Signs of a Renaissance in Religion." Recently while visiting the city Dr. Thomas Van Ness of Boston was induced to preach at our morning church service and also to speak to the children at the Sunday school hour. The privilege of hearing this distinguished preacher and lecturer was very much appreciated by the people.

Iowa

Webster City.—Rev. George Wood, pastor. The ladies of the Webster City church recently voted to pay one-fourth of the state quota for women's work. There is a new spirit dawning amongst us and the future seems bright with promise.

Massachusetts

Roxbury.—Rev. Stanley G. Spear, pastor. Special Lenten services are being held in this church, a custom of long standing, and the interest has been good in spite of the weather. Mid-week services have been held each Wednesday and the pastor has taken for his Sunday morning Lenten themes "Some personal questions concerning Christ." Mr. Channing Pollock, author of "The Fool," which has aroused so much interest and discussion, spoke to a large and interested audience March 18 at the morning service and also at the "Citizens Forum," to which half of the large congregation remained to ask questions and discuss his address. Mr. Pollock's message was most helpful and he aroused the interest of every person in the audience. The illustrated services held during the winter will be continued until May 1. Plans are being formulated for the Washington Memorial Church and Perin-Cate House campaign to take place in this church in the near future.

Somerville, First.—Rev. Geo. E. Leighton, pastor. On Tuesday evening, March 13, the men served their annual turkey supper in Unitarian Hall, and despite the inclement weather the hall was taxed to its limit, about 250 people being present. The affair was one of the most successful held for many years. Following the supper there were addresses by several speakers, including Mayor John M. Webster, Rev. Roger F. Etz and Rev. Frank O. Hall, D. D. Rev. George E. Leighton, D. D., acted as toastmaster. The supper was served about 7 o'clock. Mr. Leighton introduced Walter S. Howard as the ringmaster of the occasion, presenting him with a toy menagerie and a large cowbell with which to keep order. Mr. Howard responded by extending a special word of welcome to Mr. Leighton, saying he had won the hearts of the men of the church since he came among them, and pledging the pastor that the men would stand back of him in his work. He then called upon Mr. Leighton to invoke divine blessing, after which the group of young men who acted as waiters appeared upon the landing at the entrance to the lower hall. They were dressed in costumes of all sorts and headed by Asa B. Prichard they marched to their positions singing a special song appropriate to the occasion. Spaulding's orchestra furnished music, and songs were sung by all under the leadership of William T. Hayes. Afterwards all adjourned to the upper hall, when the young men who acted as waiters staged an entertainment. This was in the form of a "Country School" with Mr. Prichard as schoolmaster. In addition to the numbers by the group on the platform Miss Estelle Underwood gave a cornet solo and Edwin Hall a violin selection. The evening was concluded with dancing.

Cambridge, First.—Rev. Arthur E. Wilson, pastor of this church, announced his resignation on Sunday, March 18. Mr. Wilson was called, in January, 1915, to become the associate of Dr. George W. Bicknell, and since Dr. Bicknell's death in 1916 has been the pastor. At a special meeting of the society March 25 the resignation was accepted to take effect April 9. Resolutions were adopted expressing the high esteem in which Mr. Wilson is held by the people, and the deep regret felt at his going. "Each year has brought a wider vision, greater intellectual resources, and a steady gain in pulpit power." "His fine spirit and admirable personal qualities have won for him a large circle of friends." Appreciation was also expressed for the "singularly efficient co-operation of Mrs. Wilson, who has given freely of her time and talents, particularly her fine musical gifts, to the activities of the parish."

New York

Binghamton.—Rev. Chas. E. Petty, pastor. The services at this church, in spite of the handicap of bad weather and sickness in the parish, have maintained a splendid interest through the winter and the Lenten season. Congregations are growing as Easter approaches and we look forward to a record attendance on Easter morning with a large class of new members. The Junior congregation has become a real factor in the program of this church. The attendance has reached such proportions that it nearly outnumbers the senior congregation. As a result our church school has become the largest and best in the history of the church. The women's and men's organizations are very active and are assisting in many ways to enlist the support of the entire parish in the work of the church. Being in the very heart of the city, our church offers a fine opportunity to raise money by serving public suppers. Our women take advantage of this and keep their treasury well supplied with cash. A fine new gas equipment is being installed in the kitchen which will facilitate this work. The Young People's Social Club has attracted our scattered young people to a more loyal interest in the affairs of the church, and is supplying that need for legitimate pleasure which every church should provide if it expects to enlist the young people in the real purpose of the church. We are hoping that later these same young people may become members of a strong Young People's Christian Union.

Ohio

Blanchester.—Rev. W. R. Rowland, pastor. The Mission class meets every Thursday p. m. The mid-week meetings are specially strong during the Lenten season. We have had an address by Mr. Silas Vance on "Co-operative Marketing" and one on the Anti-Saloon League work. Following a four weeks "Fundamentalist" revival at the Methodist church, the pastor has been preaching on some doctrinal topics, "The Humanity of God" and "The Divinity of Man" attracting special note. He has, by unanimous vote of the senior class of the high school, been invited to preach the baccalaureate sermon this year, this being the second year in succession. When it is remembered that the school board is dominated by the Methodist church and will hire no teachers that are not members of that church, and also the fact that no member of the present class is a Universalist, it seems a little strange. The pastor has also spoken several times at the high school and at near-by Farmers' Institutes. The Y. P. C. U. are giving a play soon and Easter week will have special services. The Clinton County Knights Templars come to the church for their service Easter Sunday evening.

Cuba.—The church is being renovated, redecorated, reseated, and a new furnace put in. At a recent service $100 was given toward the completion of the Ohayo Kindergarten $10,000. Less than $1000 is to be raised and all are anxious to finish ere the campaign for the Washington Memorial.

Pennsylvania

Philadelphia, Restoration.—Rev. Clinton Scott, pastor. On Feb. 21 a reception was held by the Woman's Guild, to celebrate the completion of fifty years of continuous, organized service by the women of the church. An interesting program proved enjoyable and inspiring. There was music, both vocal and instrumental, and humorous readings—all most enjoyable—but the outstanding features were the addresses by Mrs. Henry C. Sheppard, president of the Woman's Guild, and Mrs. Robert L. Hayes, who has served as its treasurer for the past twenty-five years. Two interesting letters were also read. One was written twenty-two years ago, by our much loved pastor of other years, Dr. F. A. Bisbee—a letter so encouraging and so treasured that it has been preserved all these years. A delightful letter of greeting was also read from Mrs. E. V. V. Shaffer, a former president of the Guild, now living in

Hollywood, Cal. The minutes of every meeting, from the very first one, held on Feb. 19, 1873, until the present day, have been preserved intact, so Mrs. Sheppard was able to quote frequently from these minutes and to tell authoritatively of the early history of the organization, of its struggles, and of some of the difficulties that were overcome—thanks to faithful and untiring workers and generous friends. From the beginning church suppers were a great feature. On a little printed circular advertising these first suppers one reads: "Each person is expected to furnish napkin, knife, fork and spoon." Think of church suppers with very little china—no linen—no silver—no kitchen even! But that was long ago and it only proves that where there is a will there's a way. Of the fifteen ladies who met that afternoon in 1873, to organize a "Ladies' Sewing Society," eight are still living and still members of the Church of the Restoration, and one other, Mrs. Ada C. Bowles, the first president, is now doing mission work in the South. Nine of the thirteen presidents who have served the organization during the fifty years are still living. Mrs. Hayes gave a brief financial statement. During her twenty-five years of service over $6,000 have been contributed by the Guild towards the current expenses of the church, over $1,500 have been contributed to the coal fund and $3,000 given to help pay off the $10,000 mortgage on the church, which was wiped out about twenty-five years ago. As the yearly membership dues are small, this money has been largely earned through church fairs, church suppers, cake sales and entertainments. Much charitable work has been done, garments given to the poor, sewing for hospitals etc. At the conclusion of the program refreshments were served, ice cream, cake and coffee—and there was a real birthday cake, made and decorated by one of the ladies.

West Virginia

Wyatt.—A series of services will soon be held here. These meetings will include a lecture to the high school, and a talk before the Miners' Union. A Universalist clergyman is sought for the high school baccalaureate sermon.

* *

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1923

Previously reported	48
Blanchester, Ohio	3
Total	51

* *

SABBATH SCHOOL UNION

The regular monthly meeting of the Sabbath School Union was held on March 21, 1923, at the Charlestown Church.

The directors met at 5.45 for the business meeting. A supper was served followed by a talk on "Director of Young People's Activities," by Carl A. Hempel of Lynn.

The next meeting will be at the same place on April 18, 1923.

* *

REV. WILLIAM P. BURNELL

Rev. William P. Burnell died at his home in Mansfield, Mass., March 21.

Mr. Burnell was born in Bridgton, Me., Jan. 18, 1851. He was educated in the schools of that town, and graduated from St. Lawrence University in 1872. For a time he established new churches throughout the state of Ohio, where he first took up his work. He has held pastorates in Plymouth, Provincetown and Mansfield, Mass. Seventeen years ago he became pastor of the church in Mansfield, and continued to live there after retiring from the pastorate.

He leaves a son, W. V. Burnell of Texas and Boston.

* *

REV. G. L. FORTNEY

Rev. Granville L. Fortney died at his home in Wyatt, W. Va., March 8. He was eighty years of age, and had lived all his life in West Virginia.

* *

REV. CHARLOTTE PORTER

The Rev. Charlotte Porter, ninety-seven years of age, the oldest person in the Chapin Home, died March 3 in the Home while its golden jubilee was in progress. She had been an invalid for some time and her death had been expected for several days. She had been in the Home since 1906, and exerted a beneficent influence on every one who came in contact with her because of her quiet, lovable ways.

Three clergymen, representing three separate denominations, took part in the funeral services. They were the Rev. Cephas B. Lynn, of the Chapin Home, Universalist, the Rev. Andrew Magill, of the Jamaica Presbyterian Church, and the Rev. William B. Eddy of Grace Episcopal Church, Manhattan.

A son of Mrs. Porter, the Rev. George J. Porter, of the Universalist church at Macedon, N. Y., took charge of the body and it was taken to Brooklyn, Pa., where she formerly lived, for interment in the family plot.

Mrs. Porter is survived by her son, three grandchildren, and two great grandchildren.

Mrs. Porter was born in Albany County, N. Y., in February, 1826. Her maiden name was Van Dekar, and she came of old Dutch stock running back to the earliest days of New York City, when the Van Dekars were among the original settlers.

Her parents moved to Albany County before she was born, and when she was a child she was taken to Orleans County and grew up there. Seventy-five years ago she married the Rev. L. F. Porter, famous as a Universalist preacher. She was admitted to the ministry at Nicholson, N. Y., after her marriage, and she and her husband worked together. He died in 1895.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

* *

Notices

CONNECTICUT CONVENTION

The ninety-first annual session of the Connecticut Universalist Convention will be held in the church at Stamford on Wednesday and Thursday, May 9 and 10, 1923. The friends of the faith in the state are requested to take due notice of the occasion and to plan to attend the sessions in large numbers.

Theodore A. Fischer, Secretary.

* *

CONNECTICUT Y. P. C. U. CONVENTION

The annual convention of the Connecticut State Y. P. C. U. will be held in New Haven, on Friday and Saturday, April 13 and 14, beginning Friday, at 4 p. m.

Ronald L. Brown.

* *

Obituary

Mrs. Emma Kent

Mrs. Emma Kent, widow of W. L. Kent of Brooklyn, Penn., and sister of Rev. Charlotte Porter, died March 5, 1923, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. E. M. Elliott, in Coudersport, Penn.

Mrs. Kent was born in Orleans County, N. Y., Oct. 14, 1838. When twenty-four years of age she visited her sister in Brooklyn, Penn., where she met Mr. Kent. After her marriage she became very much interested in Universalism and she and her husband were very prominent in the work of the church. The funeral was held in Brooklyn, March 8, Rev. C. E. Petty of Binghamton, N. Y., officiating.

Highest Quality Maple Products

Circular Free

Hillsdale Farm Glover, Vermont

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP CERTIFICATES

No. 1

Neatly printed in purple ink on best wedding stock; folds in envelope to match. Price 60 cents per dozen.

No. 2

Booklet form. Contains the Winchester Profession, Articles of Faith and the Covenant as recommended by the General Convention. In envelope. Price 15 cents per copy.

Universalist Publishing House

THE BETHANY UNION FOR YOUNG WOMEN

A Universalist Institution

14 Worcester St., Boston, Mass.

The managers of the Bethany Union for Young Women desire to call attention to this organization, which offers the advantages of a comfortable, quiet and agreeable home at a low cost for those young women with only moderate means of support who come to this city for work or study. It is located at 14 Worcester St., Boston, and is within easy access of the elevated trains and surface cars to all parts of the city. The price of rooms with board, including light and heat, is $4.50 and $5.50 per week, for permanent guests

During the summer months there are accommodations for women unattended who may wish to visit Boston for a few days at a time. For such transients the price is $1.25 a day.

For further information please address the Superintendent, Miss Ruth E. Hersey, 14 Worcester St., Boston.

For the Board of Managers.

FRANK A. DEWICK, *President.*

JOSEPH B. HORTON, *Clerk.*

CHURCH SUPPLIES

Responsible Houses

and

Reliable Goods

CHURCH PEWS
MEMORIAL WINDOWS Get in touch with us for anything you may need in the above lines. We can satisfy you both in quality and price; and guarantee satisfaction. Send for our illustrated booklet and catalogue. The George W. Wise Company, 289-291 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

Memorial Windows

ALFRED M. BELL COMPANY

79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.

MASSACHUSETTS STATE CONVENTION

The Hosea Ballou Foundation has been established for Home Mission Work. One hundred thousand dollars are needed. Gifts and bequests solicited.

The Convention acts as Trustee for funds given or bequeathed to Local Parishes.

Funds may be given to the Convention, the giver to receive an Annuity, and, at his death, the money will be devoted to Universalist purposes.

For particulars address,

REV. LEROY W. COONS, D. D., *Secretary,*
176 *Newbury St.,*
Boston, Mass.

Reports, Year Books, Programs

And all Printing worth Doing Well

WALLACE SPOONER

81-89 Bristol St., Boston, Mass.

Burdett College

18 Boylston St., Boston

A Modern School of Commerce

Courses: Business, Accountancy, Shorthand, Combined, Secretarial, Normal, Business Administration.

Founded 1889 Send for Catalog.

Light and Peace

BY

Rev. C. H. Leonard, D.D., LL.D.

Dean Emeritus Crane Theological School
TUFTS COLLEGE

A BOOK OF PRAYERS

Printed on fine paper, and exquisitely bound in seal brown, limp ooze leather, stamped in gold. Size 5x7 inches. Each copy in a box. Also silk finish cloth, gilt top.

Price, One Dollar

Universalist Publishing House

Educational

Tufts College

JOHN A. COUSENS, LL. D.
President

THE SCHOOL OF LIBERAL ARTS
JACKSON COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
THE ENGINEERING SCHOOL
THE GRADUATE SCHOOL
THE CRANE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL
AND, IN BOSTON
THE MEDICAL AND DENTAL SCHOOLS

For catalogue, address the Dean of the respective department, or

The Registrar, Tufts College, Mass.

P. O. Address for the Medical and Dental Schools
416 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

Dean Academy

FRANKLIN, MASS.

Dean Academy is an endowed boarding school for young men and young women, offering exceptional advantages for education in every department of broad culture. Its buildings are commodious and thoroughly equipped for school work and for home-like living. Its courses fit for any college or scientific school, and it has courses, also, fitting for practical life. A large corps of instructors, able and experienced. Courses in Music, Art, and Speaking under special instructors. The atmosphere of the school is homelike and helpful, and the spirit of the students is enthusiastic and loyal. A commodious gymnasium with competent instruction provides for the physical well-being. The school has a new Science building with well-equipped laboratories, a domestic science department for girls, admirably equipped, with an able instructor. Delightfully located in a clean and beautiful New England town. The income from a large fund is expended for the benefit of the pupils and makes the terms very reasonable. For catalogue address the Principal,

ARTHUR W. PEIRCE, Litt. D.,
Franklin, Mass.

Goddard Seminary

Barre, Vermont

An excellent co-educational boarding school delightfully situated in one of the best communities of the state.

Modern and adequate equipment.

A traditionally strong school spirit.

Carefully selected corps of capable teachers.

Thorough courses preparing for college.

Instruction in Elocution, Piano, Voice, Business and Languages by specialists.

Buildings in attractive condition. Visitors welcome.

Write for catalogue to

RUSSELL L. DAVISON, A. B., Principal.

Lombard College

GALESBURG, ILL.

The only Universalist College west of New York State

Lombard offers Academic, Scientific and Music courses leading to Bachelor degrees.

We invite correspondence with men and women contemplating a college course.

JOSEPH MAYO TILDEN, LL. D., *President.*

Write DEAN LEWIS B. FISHER,
1365 East 60th St., Chicago, Ill.

Ryder Universalist House

Divinity School Department of
LOMBARD COLLEGE
At University of Chicago

Write DEAN LEWIS B. FISHER
1365 East 60th St., Chicago, Ill.

Westbrook Seminary

Portland, Maine

offers

Broad courses for college preparatory or culture education. Special departments for commercial training, musical appreciation, and household management.

Graduate courses leading to degrees for young women who can not undertake a full college course.

A fine group of buildings splendidly situated. Unusual opportunity for young people to obtain rounded and normal development.

The highest possible standards at the lowest possible cost.

Address, ORLANDO K. HOLLISTER, Litt. D.

The St. Lawrence University

Canton, N. Y.

Dr. Richard Eddy Sykes, President

COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE
Courses leading to the Degrees of B. A. and B. D.
Edwin Lee Hulett, M. A., Dean

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL
Courses leading to the Degree of B. D.
Dr. John Murray Atwood, Dean.

BROOKLYN LAW SCHOOL
Courses leading to the Degree of LL. D.
Dr. Wm. Payson Richardson, Dean.

SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE
Granting Certificates of Graduation
Roland Hale Verbeck, B. S., Director

Crackling

"Are you sure," an anxious patient once asked a physician, "are you sure that I shall recover? I have heard that doctors sometimes give wrong diagnosis and have treated patients for pneumonia who afterwards died of typhoid fever."

"You've been woefully misinformed," replied the medico indignantly. "If I treat a man for pneumonia he dies of pneumonia."—*The Crescent.*

* *

Tramp: "Did you ever see a murder?"

Traveler: "No, and I don't want to."

Tramp: "Well, givus a bob an' you won't."—*Smith's Weekly (Sydney).*

* *

With so many murders being committed in America just now we begin to think that the official report, stating that American citizens are as safe in Turkey as in their own country, may verge upon the truth.—*Punch (London).*

* *

An interesting device—that motor truck which "walks like a man." Now for a pedestrian who can run like a motor truck. —*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

* *

Public schools are to start a spring drive on bad English. This movement should have the hearty support of the Irish Republicans.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

* *

In an Episcopal church a parishioner complained: "I think it is absurd to have candles on the altar. Not that I object to the candles themselves, but it is what they stand for."

"What do they stand for?" queried her listener.

"Why—er—I don't know."—*Christian Register.*

* *

The bazar was in full swing when a young man strolled round the stalls. He had no intention of buying anything. As he passed a tastefully decorated stall the pretty saleswoman detained him.

"Won't you buy a cigarette holder?" she asked.

"No, thank you, I don't smoke," was the curt reply.

"Or a pen wiper worked by my own hands?"

"I don't write."

"Then do have this nice box of chocolates."

"I don't eat sweets."

The young woman's patience was exhausted.

"Sir," she said grimly, "will you buy this box of soap?"

The young man paid up.—*London Tit-Bits.*

* *

Echo Answers "Why?"—His friends could give no reason why he should have committed suicide. He was single.—*From a News Item in the Stamford (Conn.) Advocate.*

From Good Luck to Gloucester

The complete story of the great anniversary celebration at Gloucester. A beautiful memorial volume of 400 pages and more than 50 illustrations.

Price, $2.00

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

176 Newbury St. Boston, Mass.

The Palace of Mirrors

By Rev. J. Frank Thompson

This is a book of many virtues. It deals with great things and small in such familiar grasp that the widest problems of the heart become practical and the lightest concerns important. All mothers will find it a happy co-laborer in the rearing of children, and there is no better book to have in the bedroom of a boy or a girl. The book is cheerful, hopeful and inspiring.

Price 50 cents, postpaid

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

176 Newbury St., Boston

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

By L. B. Fisher, D. D.

Prepared under the direction of the Young People's Christian Union. A handbook of our history, including in brief space also the outline of our faith and many sketches of those who have helped to give that faith form for efficient service. The book is useful as a text book for Sunday schools and Y. P. C. U.

Price 40 cents, postpaid

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

176 Newbury St., Boston

UNIVERSALISM AND THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH

By John Coleman Adams, D. D.

A brief statement of the history and the teachings and principles of the Universalist Church. The book serves as an introduction to the "larger faith" for inquirers and a manual for adult classes in the study of Universalism.

Price 30 cents, postpaid

Universalist Publishing House

176 Newbury St., Boston